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{ From Beginning,
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A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS BY HER CHILD.

O God of boundless purity,
How strange that thou should'st give to me
This young and tender heart,
To train to walk in thine own ways,
That he may end his mortal days
In glory where thou art!

Alas! how slow, how helpless too
Am I, this sacred work to do!
My utmost strength must fail.
Yet, Holy Spirit, if thy power
Be given to me from hour to hour
I surely shall prevail.

O Gracious Influence, to his heart
Give will to choose the "better part,"
Which none can take away.
By him, O helping God, be found;
To him in gifts of love abound;
Be with him every day.

And, God of grace, his mother bless
With prayer, and faith, and watchfulness,
Now that she has a child.
Let not her weak indulgence spoil,
Nor yet her stern, harsh manner foil,
This heart, so soft and mild.

Help her in every act and word
To follow close her lowly Lord;
Be this her only pride—
That she may holy influence shed
Around this dear immortal's head,
And keep him on thy side.

Then, when the last great trump shall sound,
And all before their Judge be found
To hear their sentence pass'd,
May he in glory then appear,
Receive thy prize, thy "Well done" hear—
A conqueror at last.

Yes, may this soul, of rarer worth
To me than all the souls of earth,
But wear thy diadem;
Then, through eternity I'll raise
A mother's song of unmixed praise,
To Thee, redeeming Lamb.

Sunday Magazine.

M. E. P.

LOCH CARRON, WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

A BLACK and glassy float, opaque and still,
The loch, at farthest ebb supine in sleep,
Reversing, mirrored in its luminous deep,
The quiet skies; the solemn spurs of hill,

Brown heather, yellow corn, gray wisps of
haze;

The white low cots, black-windowed, plumed
with smoke;

The trees beyond. And when the ripple
awoke,

They wavered with the jarred and wavering
glaze.

The air was dim and dreamy. Evermore
A sound of hidden waters whispered near.
A straggler crow cawed high and thin. A
bird

Chirped from the birch-leaves. Round the
shingled shore,
Yellow with weed, came wandering, vague
and clear,
Mysterious vowels and gutturals, idly
heard.

Cornhill.

THE FRIGID ZONE.

O YE who dwell beneath the temperate sun,
And till the happy fields of every day,
Know ye what lands are lying far away,
Where never birds rejoice, nor waters run,
But all the seasons wear the robes of one,—
Too white, too fair for aught but death's
array?

Know ye that human hearts like yours are
there,
That human life breathes in that icy air?
Great dawns are there, of stainless pearl and
rose,—
There the white splendors of still greater
nights
Stream up the sky. But heavenly lights are
cold!

And the earth moans under her weight of
snows,
Keeping a thousand uses and delights
Hid in her breast, that never may unfold.
Catskill, New York. CARL SPENCER.
Spectator.

OCTOBER.

EDGES of stormy dawn and murky night
Trespassing harshly on his mellow hours,
October plucks the present while it flowers,
And revels as a splendid Sybarite.
What tho' his noontide wear the yellow light
Of sunset, hinting of the doom that low-
ers,—

He recks not; now astride the west wind
scours

Blue steppes of air; now, languid with delight,
Reclines in violet haze; flings silver rime
To the gossamer, bead-coral to the thorns,
And showers on tree and fern his ruddy gold.
But as pards couch until the herded horns
Slant valewards, winter lets him pass his
prime,
Then springs, and hales him to the caves of
cold.

Spectator.

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST.

II.—THE ROMAN TRIAL.

THE trial of their Messiah by the Sanhedrin, had it stood alone, would have no doubt been the most interesting judicial transaction in history. The law of Moses, perpetuated though modified by Christianity, has perhaps been more influential than any other code of the world. Yet that law has had one rival, in the mighty jurisprudence of Rome. "The written reason of the Roman law has been silently or studiously transfused" into all our modern life, and lawyers of every nation look back with filial reverence to the great jurisconsults of the great age of the imperial republic. But between the two influences there is one important point of contrast. In the Hebrew commonwealth, law was the product of religion. It was received, as Christendom has been content to receive it, as a divine rule. There is no evidence whatever that the Jewish race was remarkable for an innate passion for justice, or for any such "tendency to righteousness" as might have originally led it to religion. Their whole history and literature indicate, on the contrary, that it was the intense sense of the divine which moulded the nation originally, and which afterwards led to a widespread though imperfect cultivation of the *ars boni et aequi*. Even that rabbinic cultivation, as we have seen, was marred by continual exaggerations and artifices which reveal the original inaptitude of the race for high judicial excellence. Accordingly, down to the time with which we are dealing, it remained a small, isolated Asiatic tribe, filled through and through with national and religious prejudices. It is not to such that men look for a model of the administration of equal laws. But there have been races in the world who reflected, as there are races who do reflect, in an eminent degree, that deep sense of righteousness which lies at the root of all law. And of all such races, ancient and modern, the greatest was that which at this time ruled over Palestine and over the world. When the sceptre departed from Judah, it passed into the strong, smiting hands of Rome; and already all the nations had begun to

exchange their terror of its warlike might for that admiration of its administrative wisdom which has grown upon the world ever since. And already, too, that admiration was mingled with confidence and trust. Those Eastern races felt, what we two thousand years after can historically trace, that the better part of the unequalled authority of the Roman law was due to the stern, hard virtues of the early race and early republic. Its influence was dimly recognized then, and it is clearly traceable now, as having sprung from the instinct of righteousness which guided prætor and proconsul in every subject land, long before Ulpian or Gaius had written out that instinct into immortal law.

Pontius Pilate was at this time the representative of Rome in Judæa; the governor, as he is called in the Gospels. But it will be found instructive to note more carefully what his exact position was. He was the *procurator Casaris*; the procurator, deputy, or attorney of Tiberius in that province. And he was no *procurator fiscalis*,* with functions equivalent to those of quæstor. Pilate's was no such subordinate or financial office. He was a procurator *cum potestate*; a governor with civil, criminal, and military jurisdiction; subordinated no doubt in rank to the adjacent governor of Syria, but directly responsible to his great master at Rome. And what was the relation of the emperor himself to the inhabitants of Judæa and to the world? The answer is important. The emperor was neither more nor less than the representative of Rome. In modern times men associate the imperial title with absolutism and a more than royal power. To Romans, even in the days of Tiberius, the name of a king was intolerable, and absolutism, except under republican forms, distasteful. Accordingly when Augustus became the undisputed chief of the republic, and determined so to continue, he remained nominally a mere private nobleman or citizen. The saviour of society did not dare to attack the constitution of the State.

* The name is still used in Scotland, having had there originally its old sense of "the deputy of a provincial judge appointed by him to look after money matters."

He effected his object in another way. He gathered into his own hands the whole powers and functions, and accumulated upon his own head the whole honors and privileges, which the State had for centuries distributed among its great magistrates and representatives. He became perpetual *princeps senatûs*, or leader of the legislative house. He became perpetual *pontifex maximus*, or chief of the national religion. He became perpetual tribune, or guardian of the people, with his person thereby made sacred and inviolable. He became perpetual consul, or supreme magistrate over the whole Roman world, with the control of its revenues, the disposal of its armies, and the execution of its laws. And lastly, he became perpetual imperator, or military chief, to whom every legionary throughout the world took the *sacramentum*, and whose sword swept the globe from Indus and Gibraltar to the pole. And yet in all he was a simple citizen—a mere magistrate of the republic. Only, in this one man was now visibly accumulated and concentrated all that for centuries had broadened and expanded under the magnificent abstraction of Rome. Tiberius, therefore, the first inheritor of this constitution of Cæsar Augustus, was in the strictest sense the representative of that great city that ruled over the kings of the earth. And the Roman knight who now governed in Judæa was his representative in his public capacity. For Augustus, as is well known, had divided the provinces into two classes. To the more peaceful and central, he allowed the Senate to send proconsuls, while even over these he reserved his own consular and military power. But some provinces, like Judæa, he retained in his own hands as their proconsul or governor. Strictly and constitutionally, the governor of the Jewish nation, at the time of which we write, was not Pilate at Cæsarea or Vitellius at Antioch, but Tiberius at Rome. He was the proconsul or governor of Judæa under the still-existing republic, a republic now almost identified with himself. And Pilate, whom the Jews popularly called their governor, was strictly the procurator of the great proconsul, holding civil and mili-

tary authority by delegation from him in whom was now concentrated the boundless authority of Rome. Such was the tribunal before which the council of the Sanhedrin is now to lead a prisoner.

Pilate sat in his prætorium on the morning of that "preparation-day," to transact business and administer justice as usual. In what spot in Jerusalem his judgment-seat was on this occasion set up, cannot certainly be known. It may have been within the fortress and under the tower of Antonia, the visible symbol of Roman predominance which frowned beside the temple. Much more probably it was "Herod's prætorium," that magnificent palace to the north of the temple which Josephus describes, and which had been recently built by the Idumean kings. Their former palace was also still in existence, and the visit of the Roman procurator and the tetrarch of Galilee to the same feast, while it raises the question which of them occupied the new and more splendid residence, suggests the inevitable rivalry and possible "enmity" of their relation. If we suppose that Pilate, like Florus, asserted his right to occupy the new palace, we may remember that its white marble semicircle enclosed an open *place* which looked out on the sacred city, and was almost as public as the space between Antonia and the temple. In the open space in front of this or any other prætorium the movable *bema* or tribunal could at once be set up. But on this morning Pilate was still sitting in the judgment hall. Outside was the roar of the Eastern city awakening on a Passover dawn; within, the clash of Roman steel, the altars of the Roman gods, and perhaps the sculptured frown of the distant demigod Tiberius. Into that heathen chamber the priests and doctors of the separated nation would not enter during their sacred week; and the Roman, with his Roman smiles, willingly removed their difficulty by coming with his soldier-licitors to the gate. But his first words there, as his eyes fell upon the prisoner who stood with his hands bound before him, were, "What accusation bring ye against this man?" We recognize instantly the spontaneous voice of Roman justice. It was

no doubt meant to suggest his own authority and power of review, and in that respect we must presently consider it. But it was before everything else the instinctive utterance of a judge, and it at once recalls that singularly noble dictum of Pilate's successor in the same seat, "It is not the manner of the Romans to deliver any man to die, until that he which is accused have the accusers face to face, and have license to answer for himself concerning the crime laid against him." So ever spoke the worst of the Roman governors—and neither Pilate nor Festus was among the best—out of the mere instinct and tradition of justice which clung to their great office among the treacherous tribes around. The chief priests and scribes on this occasion avoided the demand to know the accusation. "If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him to thee." The insolent evasion of his question was not likely to propitiate Pilate, who instantly puts the matter on its true footing by the calm but somewhat contemptuous reply, "Take ye him, and judge him according to your law." Sullenly came the answer, "It is not lawful for us (it is not permissible—*οὐκ ἐξεστί*) to put any man to death." The answer revealed (what the word "malefactor" had perhaps already implied, and what may have been involved in their bringing their prisoner to Pilate at all) that it was a capital charge which they had come to make. But it closed this important opening dialogue. The conversation just narrated is only found in the Gospel of John; and it is remarkable that a narrative apparently very much later than the others should record words which not only have the strongest internal evidence of truth, but to which subsequent investigation has given immensely increased historical value.

For at this point of the story comes in the question of conflict of *jurisdiction*. Why did the Jews go to Pilate at all? We have seen that their council condemned Jesus "to be guilty of death." Had they no right to pass such a sentence? or, having the right to pass it, had they merely no power to execute it? How far did the authority of the governor trench upon, or supersede, the authority of the Sanhedrin?

Which of them had the *jus vita aut necis*?

What was the relation of the two powers, the Jewish and the Roman, to each other at this time? This broad historical question lies at the root of the views which may be taken of the legal point—views which have sometimes been extremely contrasted. In the controversy between Salvador and Dupin, the former (true in this to the sad claim of some of his pation of old, "His blood be on us") urged that the Sanhedrin had full authority to try even for capital crimes, and that their sentence of death required only the countersign or endorsement of the Roman governor. His opponent held that the Jewish court had no right to try for grave, or at least capital crimes at all; that their whole procedure was a usurpation; and that the only real or competent trial was that which we are about to consider. I have no intention of going into the great mass of historical investigation which has been undertaken on this confessedly difficult point. There seems no one consideration which is quite conclusive upon it. Thus it would be rash to ascribe to the assertion of the Talmud, that "forty years before the destruction of the temple the judgment of capital causes was taken away from Israel," the praise of exact chronological accuracy. Yet it is very striking as showing the time about which the doctors of the Jewish law were willing to hold that their power of life and death (no doubt already restricted or suspended under the despotism of Herod) had finally passed away. But on the general subject of the relation of the two powers in that age, there are some considerations which reasoners on either side do not seem to have always kept in view:—1. There was no *concordat* on this subject between the Romans and the Jews. The latter were the conquered nation; their jurisdiction, including the power of life and death, was wrested from them *de facto*, and they were obliged to submit. But *de jure* they never did. To them, at least to the great mass of the nation, the Sanhedrin was still the national authority, especially in accusations relating to religious matters. 2. On the Roman side, the matter was of course precisely otherwise. Their view of the jurisdiction of subject

races generally, and of the Jews in particular (I suspect) that it was just so much as they chose to leave them. In most cases that formed a very large field. The Roman governor sanctioned, or even himself administered, the old law of the region; but the policy of the ruling power was to concede to local self-government as much as possible. The concession was of course all the larger where there was no disposition on the part of the province to provoke a contest. In Roman law as in Roman campaigns, in questions of jurisdiction as in questions of politics, the maxim of the haughty and wise rulers of the world was *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*.

3. It is evident that a large latitude was allowed on this subject to the great Roman officers — proconsuls or procurators — who administered *la haute justice*. The republic and the emperor permitted, and indeed demanded, that they should stretch or relax their authority as the particular case or exigency required. In ordinary matters brought before their tribunals, the rule on which they acted is perfectly expressed, a few years after this, by Annæus Gallio, the humane proconsul of Achaia and brother of the philosopher Seneca, "If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you: but if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it; I will be no judge of such matters." But while they drove such questions from the judgment-seat, so long as they did not affect the rights of the sovereign power, the least hint that one of these words or names or questions of another law could prejudice the supreme power of Rome was enough to authorize the governor to plunge his axe into the offending part of the body politic with prompt and savage severity. These general considerations should never be forgotten in reading the scattered and often inconsistent historical notices on the subject. They show that the extreme views, which critics in our own time have maintained, were probably held even then by the opposing powers whose jurisdictions were in poise. But the balance of evidence is very strong that, at this time, all questions of life and death in Judæa were by Roman law and practice reserved for the final decision of the Roman governor. In such cases the Jews had, at the most, only the *cognitio causæ*. Nor can there be much doubt that the governor's final power in these cases was not a merely ministerial right of endorsement and *executio*; it was also a power of *cognitio*, or review, in

so far at least as he chose to exercise it. Whether this reservation to the governor was such as to deprive the Jewish courts of their rights as tribunals of first instance — whether any previous trial of a capital cause before the Sanhedrin was necessarily a usurpation — is another and a more difficult question. With regard to ordinary civil crimes — robberies or assassinations — the Jewish rulers may have been content not to interfere farther than to bring the perpetrators to the Roman tribunal for judgment. The Roman governor, on the other hand, may have been quite willing to send to the cross without much inquiry any ordinary malefactors against whom the authorities of their country, having already inquired into the case, were willing to appear as accusers. But obviously a more serious question arose when the alleged crime was a religious one — a claim, as prophet or Messiah, to change the ecclesiastical institutions. In such a case the Sanhedrin itself no doubt maintained, as the Jews generally did on its behalf, an exclusive right to judge in the first instance; and its tendency would be very strong to deny any *re-cognitio* by the Roman power, and either not to call in that power at all, or to limit it to a mere right of countersign. What view the Roman governor might take, in the very unusual case of such a charge being brought to his tribunal, was another matter.

But in truth, while the dialogue-narrative of the fourth Gospel admirably illustrates the historical relations of the parties at the time, the narrative, in that Gospel and in the others, supersedes the necessity for referring to these more general relations. Whether it was legitimate or not for the Jews to condemn for a capital crime, on this occasion they did so. Whether it was legitimate or not for Pilate to try over again an accused whom they had condemned, on this occasion he did so. There were certainly two trials. And the dialogue already narrated expresses with the most admirable terseness the struggle which we should have expected between the effort of the Jews to get a mere countersign of their sentence and the determination of Pilate to assume his full judicial responsibility, whether of first instance or of review. The reluctance of the Jews on the present occasion was no doubt prompted not so much by their usual ecclesiastical independence as by their dread lest inquiry by Pilate should prevent his carrying out their scheme. But as matters actually turned out, the collision

which the procurator's first words provoked had the effect of binding him publicly, before the men of both nations who surrounded his judgment-seat, to deal with this capital case in his judicial capacity. It was henceforth no mere matter of administration; no incident of summary police jurisdiction or military court-martial; it was a deliberate judgment of life and death by the supreme civil ruler who had interposed his jurisdiction between an accused man and the chief authorities of the subject nation.

The accusation demanded by Pilate necessarily followed, now that he had insisted on being judge in the cause. We have this given with considerable formality in the Gospel of Luke; and though it is omitted in the three others, the first question of Pilate to Jesus, which they all record, implies a previous charge. Luke gives it thus: "We found this man perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ a king." Had the accusation retained the form in which it was brought before the Sanhedrin—had it been a merely religious or ecclesiastical crime which was now named—a different question would have arisen. Had the chief priests, when they "began to accuse" Jesus, said at once what they passionately exclaimed at a later stage of the cause, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God," it may be doubtful what Pilate would have done. He was authorized as governor to administer their law, or to preside over and control its administration; and while his leaning would be, like that of Gallio, to consider this question a matter of words, he might have been induced to see that these words covered grave consequences to the State. But such questions are superseded by the deliberate change in the form of the accusation—or rather, the reverting to that accusation which had been originally intended, and for which the ecclesiastical procedure of the night before was a pretext or preliminary. If we accept the sentence of Luke as equivalent to the *nominis delatio* of the Roman law, or to the affidavit of the prosecutor-witness of the Hebrew law already considered—and it has resemblances to both—it throws a flood of light before as well as behind. The charge of "perverting" (*διαστρέφοντα*), including perhaps "revolutionizing" as true as "seducing" the nation, was fairly well, and was distinctly included in the Jewish procedure of the night before. No

doubt to Roman ears it was ambiguous, but the ambiguity recalls that very real doubt which had governed his mind who said, "If we let him alone, all men will believe on him, and the Romans will come and take away our place and our nation." The culminating charge, that Jesus called himself "Christ a king," was also true, and had just been acknowledged to be true, though scarcely in the sense in which the accusers expected that the ears of the governor would receive it. But if we are to take Luke's narrative, we must believe that the charge was not left in this doubtful and ineffective form. The managers of the impeachment had no doubt not intended to make a deliberately untrue statement before the heathen judgment-seat. They wished, at as small an expense of falsehood as possible, to throw upon the foreign power the odium of a prophet's death. But the prompt utterances of Pilate seem to have forced them into the villany they would rather have avoided, and between the more ambiguous charges of seducing the nation and claiming a royal Messiahship, they add, by way of illustration, "forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar." It was a sheer falsehood, and some of the accusers must have known it to be the converse of the fact as recently ascertained. But it was a suggestion which, as they must also have known, would give the most deadly significance to the other vaguer and truer heads of the indictment, and would make it impossible for the governor to waive the capital charge.

For there is no mistake as to what the crime here imputed is. It is *majestas*—the greatest crime known in Roman law, the greatest crime conceivable by the Roman imagination—an attack upon the sovereignty or supreme majesty of the Roman State.* In the early days of the republic the name *perduellio* was applied to treason and rebellion, and the citizen condemned by the people for that crime was interdicted from fire and water, or hanged upon an *arbor infelix*. As the rule of the city spread over the world, treason came to be known as an attack upon its majesty; and various laws were passed to define this crime and the treatment of it, the chief enactment being the *lex Julia*. According to this law every

* "Crimen adversus populum Romanum vel adversus securitatem ejus." (Ulpian, Dig. xlviii. 4. 1.) The origin of the name is plain. Cicero defines *majestas* as "magnitudo populi Romani," and the full name of the crime is "crimen læsæ aut imminutæ majestatis." It is very adequately expressed by our word treason.

accusation of treason against a Roman citizen must be made by a written libel. A Jewish provincial had of course no such protection. He stood before the procurator of the Cæsar, with no defence against the summary exercise of absolute power but the plea of justice.

We come now to the *defence*. All the narratives bear that Pilate put the same question to Jesus, in the same words, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" but that on his answering in the affirmative, the Roman came to the paradoxical conclusion that there was "no fault in him." The fourth Gospel contains the explanatory conversation which these facts almost necessarily imply. The statement of Jesus is unusually impressive. It is couched, no doubt, in that involved, allusive, and aphoristic style of utterance which we find in this Gospel from end to end. But we must remember that all the biographies represent this very style as occasionally used by Jesus, and as characteristic of him in critical circumstances. It comes out in all the histories when he touches on the esoteric "mysteries of the kingdom" he preached, or where his own claims are brought in question; and it manifestly grew more and more his manner of utterance towards the close of his career. We hold therefore that a statement which, though only recorded in the latest Gospel, must according to all the others have been substantially made, and which as reported is at once startlingly original and intensely characteristic, has every internal evidence of being historical. This dialogue took place in the prætorium, where Jesus may have possibly been detained while the question of jurisdiction was settled with his accusers. (It rather appears, however, that he must have been present while the accusation was made; the two first Evangelists state that either then or at a later stage his silence extorted the marvel of the governor, who said, "Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?") He now, however, brings his prisoner within, and puts the sudden question, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" Jesus' answer, "Sayest thou this of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" does not seem to have been a request to know what had been uttered by the Jews in his absence. The words evidently have a deeper reference. They are equivalent to, "In what sense dost thou use the expression? If thou sayest it of thyself, in the sense in which a Roman would naturally use the word, then I am not the king of the Jews. But if others

told thee this of me, if thou art using the words of Hebrew prophecy, or of the world's hope, that may need further explanation." Pilate strives to reply as a Roman should, "Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee to me: what hast thou done?" It was throwing back, and not unfairly, the burden of explanation upon the accused; and he who had kept silence before the midnight Sanhedrin, and who made no answer even now to their dissimulated accusation, at once frankly responded to the heathen magistrate who desired himself to know the truth of the case: "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight: . . . but now is my kingdom not from hence." In considering words so memorable we must avoid as much as possible the theological and ecclesiastical, and look only from the historical, and in particular the forensic and judicial point of view. Whatever else these words import, they are in substance, and almost in form, a defence. If they imply a confession of kingship, they express an avoidance of the particular kind of kingship charged. They do not set up a plea in bar of the jurisdiction. They seem to acknowledge that a kingdom of this world would be a legitimate object of attack by the deputy of Cæsar, but they deny that the kingship of Jesus could be so described. The most important commentary on the words is of course the recent and famous scene of the tribute money, where Jesus being demanded as a Jewish patriot and prophet, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or no?" answered, "Shew me a penny," and, having asked the significant question as to Cæsar's image and superscription engraved upon it, closed the discussion with the words, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." The two incidents, in common with the whole of the history, make it certain that it was no part of his plan of kingdom, as it was no part of the plan of Christianity historically, to attack the Roman power. But this critical utterance to Pilate (like that former one) seems to go farther. On the face of it, it indicates that there was no necessary collision between the kingdom which Jesus was prepared to assert as his own and that great "kingdom of this world" which his judge represented. An actual collision there too probably might be. But the words are meaningless unless they are taken as asserting separate spheres within which it was possible for each power to confine

itself, and by confining themselves within which it was possible for them to escape collision. Only one of these kingdoms is described, and it is defined generally as "of this world," the definition being illustrated by the suggestion that in every such kingdom the monarch may suitably be defended by the armed force of his subjects. The other is as yet only defined by the negation of these characteristics. Pilate, as the result indicates, was already impressed by the statement, and perhaps convinced by it of the innocence of the accused of all conspiracy against Rome. And yet Jesus still spoke of a kingdom—a kingdom too in this world, though not of it*—and his words of renunciation were more royal than all the Roman had ever listened to of greatness. With true judicial tact, the governor lays his finger on the exact point which required to be brought from negative implication into express statement. "Art thou a king then?" he asked the prisoner whose kingdom was not of this world. And as before, to the adoration of God's high priest, so now, to the representative of all the greatness of earth, the answer came back, making a crisis in the world's history, "Thou sayest it: I am a king." He who spoke so to a Roman governor knew that he was offering himself to the cross, and that the next few hours might close that fateful life. And the thought was in his mind when he deliberately added, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness unto the truth." Whatever else is included in words so great, this "witness to the truth" certainly embraces the testimony which a moment before had been given by the speaker himself—by him "who before Pontius Pilate witnessed the good confession"—to the existence of a kingdom, true and real, though not of this *kosmos*. But this supreme utterance struck a deeper note than even the assertion of a spiritual and separate kingdom. It proclaimed that which is the basis of all human veracity and virtue, but which in those later ages was becoming strange to Roman ears—the existence of an eternal world of truth outside of man—a universal divine system of things, high above all local or national tradition, and indeed above all human beliefs and desires. Over that objective truth men have no power: their highest privilege is to recognize and to confess it. And those do recognize it

who have already a certain kinship and relation to that central truth—who are "of the truth." For the last words of him who now claimed to be both the witness and the king of that greater world were, "He that is of the truth heareth my voice."

"Pilate answered, What is truth?" The blank response, half-sarcastic, half-despairing, wholly sceptical, will claim notice at a later stage. In the mean time we follow the course of the judge,* who, thus waiving the personal question presented to him, goes on to deal with the accusation and the accused. The narratives all bear that Pilate reached and expressed the conclusion that the crime charged had not been proved—that indeed he found in the accused "no fault at all." And the last Gospel distinctly refers the first public utterance of this conviction to the exact point in the conversation and defence at which we have now arrived. It was the only defence which the accused is at any time stated to have offered; and Pilate now went straight out from the prætorium, and announced his verdict, perhaps from the judgment-seat. Yet was this utterance, as it turned out, only the first step in that downward course of weakness the world knows so well: a course which, beginning with indecision and complaisance, passed through all the phases of alternate bluster and subserviency; persuasion, evasion, protest, and compromise; superstitious dread, conscientious reluctance, cautious duplicity, and sheer moral cowardice at last; until this Roman remains photographed forever as the perfect feature of the unjust judge, deciding "against his better knowledge, not deceived." Upon some of the points in the Evangelic narrative we need not dwell. The graphic incident of the judge catching at an allusion to Galilee, and, on ascertaining that the man was a Galilean, sending him to Herod, may be just noticed in passing. The word used is *ἀνέπεμψεν* (*remisit*), which seems the proper technical term for restoring an accused to his proper jurisdiction, as here in sending him from a

* The apocryphal "Acts of Pilate," after giving this conversation with much accuracy, adds a few sentences which, while they rather vulgarize the previous utterances, indicate a special application of the words of Jesus which may have occurred to the mind of the governor as he passed from their higher suggestions to announce his judgment in the cause:

"Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? Jesus said, Truth is from heaven. Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth. Jesus said to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those who, when they have the power of judgment, are governed by truth and form right judgment."

* "My kingdom is not of this world." The word used is *κόσμος*, not *αἶων*.

forum apprehensionis to a *forum originis*. Herod's declinature was prudent as well as courteous, when we remember the terms of the accusation. A man, even a provincial, accused of *majestas*, "stood at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where he ought to be judged;" and the Idumean "fox" may have dreaded the lion's paw, while very willing to exchange courtesies with the lion's deputy. The second appearance at the tribunal of the governor, shows a distinct accession of weakness on the part of the judge, and of pressure upon him by the accusers. His wife's * morning message troubles his conscience, but does not purify his heart. Pilate is now willing to "chastise him and let him go," *i.e.*, to mangle an innocent man with the savage Roman scourge. The Jewish accusers refuse the compromise; and Pilate, characteristically, seems to have left them under the impression that he had finally sent him to the cross, while he still intended to make a postponed appeal to their compassion. But before taking his first step in actual guilt, the judge washes his hands with the memorably vain words, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it." After the scourging, the three Evangelists record nothing but the insults of the fierce soldiery to one who was given up to them as a Jewish traitor to their emperor. But the later Evangelist interposes a series of incidents which are now as before noted with the finest characterization and the most delicate verisimilitude. He alone records the "Behold the man!" with which the struggling procurator, whose "faith unfaithful" still made him "falsely true," sought to move the multitude. He alone records the response, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God"—an utterance in exact accordance with that narrative of the Hebrew trial which is given by all the synoptics, but which John has omitted. It is he who notices the unexpected but most natural effect of this claim upon the governor, whom the former utterances of the king "come into the world" had deeply impressed. "Whence art thou?" he almost tremulously demands. But from the first moment of his vacillation Jesus had given him no answer. Pilate, accordingly, at the very time when he is described as inwardly "more afraid," flashes out in that insolent tone which less dis-

criminating secular historians regard as the only one characteristic of him, "Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and power to release thee?" Jesus breaks the silence by a final word of answer, which is of high importance for our subject: "Thou couldst have no power at all over me, unless it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee had the greater sin." Some writers who hold that Pilate alone had "jurisdiction" in this case, and that the proceedings of the Sanhedrin were a usurpation, have appealed to this text, as containing in its first clause an acknowledgment of the exclusive right of the Roman tribunal, and in its last a denunciation of the illegality, as well as treachery, of Caiaphas. This is unwarranted, and in the circumstances grotesque. Yet while we notice here first of all the extreme consideration and almost tenderness with which the sufferer judges his judge,* we must confess that the words, "Thy power (*ἐξουσία*) is given thee from above," do relate themselves to the previous acknowledgment of a "kingdom of this world," a *kosmos* in which men are to give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; while they add to that former acknowledgment the explicit idea (afterwards enforced by the apostles) that this earthly kingdom with its earthly aims is also from above. The powers that be are ordained of God; Pilate, who knew this not, was abusing a great and legitimate office partly through a heathen's ignorance; and in so far he was less guilty than the false accusers who sat in Moses' seat. It was not strange that the words should have prompted one last effort on the judge's part to save himself from his weakness; but it was too late. The Jewish hierarchs had now taken the full measure of the man, and their final argument was one fitted to bear down in him all of conscience that remained. "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." Few utterances are more valuable historically than this last general statement. To feel the full force of it we must recall how, as already explained, the Cæsar had gathered up in himself all the public offices of the republic, so that treason against the State and treason against him had become almost the same. The old Roman watchfulness to crush out attempts against Rome was now intensi-

* There is a curious historical question whether the wives of governors were at this time permitted to go down to the province with their husbands, which turns out in favor of Claudia Procula.

* "Judex judicantium." — Giesius.

fied by being absorbed into the jealous personal suspicion of a despot. It was no anticlimax when the shrewd Jewish politicians, instead of saying, "Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against the majesty of the State," preferred to say, "Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." Long before this period of the reign of Tiberius the latter had become the deadlier form of the crime. Some of the accusers must have remembered the early days of the dynasty, when Julius and Octavius perpetrated their own successful *lese-majesté*, and the nation of the Jews, adhering to them in the great convulsion, merited the name which came afterwards to be known as a title of honor, of "Cæsar's friends." And all of them must have been aware that while the first emperor had extended the law of treason to punish libels against his own person, Tiberius, still more watchful in his jealousy, used the *leges majestatis* continually against all who failed in respect to the majesty of Cæsar, even if they did not speak against him (*ἀντιλέγειν*) in the sense of favoring counter-claims by themselves or others. The great historian records how, even before the date when Pilate was sent to Judæa, when the provinces appeared before Tiberius with complaints against their proconsuls, they took care to throw in along with the usual accusations of rapacity the added charge of treason — "*Addito majestatis crimine, quod tum omnium accusationum complementum erat!*"* To Pilate, as a personal dependent on the favor of the emperor (a favor seemingly originally procured through Sejanus, about this time hurled from power), all this must have been continually and urgently present, the more as he had already earned the hatred of his province, and dreaded its revenge. His fears were not groundless. Tiberius was still upon the throne when, a few years after, Pilate was superseded, and ambassadors from Palestine, relying on the hereditary attachment of the nation to the imperial house, were sent to Rome to witness against the recalled and degraded governor. The shadow of that distant day paralyzed Pilate on this morning. What if he were to be accused before Cæsar of spoliation and bloodshed, and, too well knowing himself to be guilty of those wrongs, should read also in the eyes of his gloomy master that other charge, the complement and the crown of every lesser crime? He who had so long persisted against all other

arguments now succumbed at once before the well-chosen words, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." He ascended the tribunal, from which alone a final sentence could be legally pronounced by a Roman judge — in the present case, apparently, a portable seat carried out from the prætorium and placed in front upon a *lithostrōton* or tessellated pavement. Yet even here he relieved his bitter feelings by the words to the accusers, "Shall I crucify your king?" But on the chief priests making the historical answer, "We have no king but Cæsar," the judge turned to him who had claimed another kingdom, and, in such words as "*Ibis ad crucem,*" delivered him to be crucified.

"Was Pilate right in crucifying Christ?"

The question has recently been asked in a book of extraordinary ability, which opens with the most powerful attack in our language on what has been known in modern times as the right of "liberty of conscience." If you deny that right, argued John Stuart Mill and others, you must approve of Marcus Aurelius and the other persecutors of Christianity — nay, you must go farther, and find "a principle which will justify Pontius Pilate." A keen critic has accepted the challenge; and his argument, while in the first instance it rather departs from the question of principle so raised, ultimately returns to it, and I think justifies the selection of so memorable an illustration. The discussion will be found to lead directly to the only legal question which remains for me to take up — the relation of the Roman State and the Roman law to the sentence of the Roman governor.

1. The suggestion however which is first made,* that Pilate may have "believed in good faith that what he did was necessary for the preservation of the peace of Palestine," is purely gratuitous. Whether that would have justified him in condemning a man he believed to be innocent, we may touch upon hereafter. But in the mean time there is not the slightest ground for the suggestion itself. The

* "Was Pilate right in crucifying Christ? I reply, Pilate's paramount duty was to preserve the peace in Palestine, to form the best judgment he could as to the means required for that purpose, and to act upon it when it was formed. Therefore, if and in so far as he believed in good faith and on reasonable grounds that what he did was necessary for the preservation of the peace of Palestine, he was right." — Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. By James Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C. P. 87.

* Tacitus, *Annales*, iii. 39.

narratives are uniform in asserting his expressed conviction of his prisoner's innocence, his knowledge that Jesus had been delivered "for envy," his scoffing incredulity in speaking to the Jews of their king, and his final yielding, as a judge, to those *vana voces populi* against which his own law warned him, only when his personal and private interests were menaced. And the Christian narratives which have handed this down are, strange to say, in no respect hostile to Pilate. Jewish and other writers who expressly treat of the character of this governor give us his portrait as rapacious, cruel, and unjust. The Christian historians give no portrait, and have occasion to refer to him incidentally only where his actions are fitted to excite the keenest exasperation. Yet these few historical side-touches represent the man within the governor with a delicacy, and even tenderness, which make the accusing portrait of Philo and Josephus look like a hard, revengeful daub.* Is there, in the Tito or Bulstrode of modern delineation, anything more true to nature, more provocative of sudden sympathy from men who know the pressure of public life, than that morning's mental history of the sixth procurator of Judæa, as given by the friends of the man whom he crucified? The motives for Pilate's vacillation are only too intelligible. But that at any point of it he believed his sentence was called for to preserve the peace of the province is an unhistorical suggestion.

2. Had the history run at all in that direction, there are various situations which might be figured. That a judge, even if he were not a military governor with *merum imperium* delegated from Rome, should slay a man who was overtly and in intent seditious, raises no question. Neither Mr. Mill, nor any other advocate of liberty, questions the duty of government to preserve the peace. That a governor, sitting or not sitting as a judge, should deliver to death a man whom he believed to have no intentions against the peace, because he was in point of fact dangerous to it, might raise a serious question.† In particular, it raises the distinc-

tion between the judicial and the administrative. What Pilate as administrator of the province might do in the way of deporting or even killing an innocent man for the sake of its peace, is one question. What he might do sitting as a judge and inquiring whether there was "fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him," is another matter; and it is the one with which we have to deal. The distinction, kept sacred in all jurisprudences, is beginning to be confused in the minds of English lawyers by the powerful but provincial theory of utility which they are taught, but the spread of which from the professor's chair to the judgment-seat will, I think, be prevented by both the scientific traditions of Europe and the moral sense of mankind. In saying so, I

power], I would appeal again to Indian experience. Suppose that some great religious reformer—say, for instance, some one claiming to be the Guru of the Sikhs, or the Imam in whose advent many Mahomedans devoutly believe—were to make his appearance in the Punjab or the North-west Provinces. Suppose that there was good reason to believe—and nothing is more probable—that *whatever might be the preacher's own personal intentions*, his preaching was calculated to disturb the public peace and produce mutiny and rebellion; and suppose, further (though the supposition is one which it is hardly possible to make even in imagination), that a British officer, instead of doing whatever might be necessary, or executing whatever orders he might receive, for the maintenance of British authority, were to consider whether he ought not to become a disciple of the Guru or Imam; what course would be taken towards him? He would be instantly dismissed with ignominy from the service which he would disgrace; and if he acted up to his convictions, and preferred his religion to his queen and country, he would be hanged as a rebel and a traitor."—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, p. 94.

Of course the true parallel would rather be: suppose that the Guru or Imam were delivered to a British officer by his co-religionists on a charge of erecting a national system against the English raj, and refusing to pay an English tax; that the officer, on personal examination, came to be satisfied that the man was innocent and the charge was false; that to pacify the other priests, he proposed an intermediate punishment of one in whom he found no fault; that under great pressure brought against him to act contrary to his view he vacillated half a day; and that at last, on being threatened with a complaint to his official superiors which might endanger his place or promotion, he ordered his prisoner to torture or to death. Suppose all this, and suppose that the story came out fully on his arrival in London, in how many drawing-rooms would he be received?

But take it even that the case were not so bad. Assume that a British officer thought himself compelled to order for execution a native preacher whose "personal intentions" were not in the least hostile or seditious, because his preaching might in point of fact be, or had in point of fact been, dangerous to the English power, and because the example would have a good effect. This is about the best case made for Pilate. If done judicially, it would be a judicial murder. If done administratively, what ought it to be called? I believe there are few circles which would hold that mere hesitation by a British officer to do such an act would infer ignominy or disgrace to the service. As to the farther step of becoming personally a disciple of a "higher form of morals" than any previously known (the immediate peace of the region being first cared for), there does not seem any other difficulty than what is dealt with in the text, on next page.

* My view of his true character scarcely varies from that so tersely given by Dr. Ellicott: "A thorough and complete type of the later-Roman man of the world: stern, but not relentless; shrewd and world-worn, prompt and practical, haughtily just, and yet, as the early writers correctly perceived, self-seeking and cowardly; able to perceive what was right, but without moral strength to follow it out."—Historical Lectures, 6th ed., p. 250. Compare with Philo, in his letter on "Ambassadors."

† "If this should appear harsh [the assertion that Pilate's duty was simply to maintain the Roman

do not forget the story of the English judge who told a prisoner, "I sentence you to die, not at all because you have robbed this house, but in order that other people may not rob other houses in future." That judge, if he existed and pronounced such a sentence, simply committed murder. But it was Caiaphas, not Pilate, who thought it *expedient* that one man should die for the people. And neither the one nor the other grounded the expediency on any immediately apprehended outbreak or on any danger to the peace. There was indeed no such immediate danger. How far there might be ultimate danger to the Roman State from the spread of convictions and the acceptance of claims like those of Jesus, was another matter, and it was the really important one. The true question, as the critic of the liberty, equality, and fraternity watchword soon discerns, is between the universal supremacy of a government whose functions extended to something much higher than keeping the peace on the one hand, and the claims of a kingdom not of this world on the other.

3. Accordingly the final defence made for the Roman governor — the only one which can be of any weight in consistency with the history, and the only one also which bears on the great question of liberty of conscience or repression of opinion — is contained in the following passage of very general theory, illustrated in the quotation in my note on the previous page: —

Pilate's duty was to maintain peace and order in Judæa, and to maintain the Roman power. It is surely impossible to contend seriously that it was his duty, or that it could be the duty of any one in his position, to recognize in the person brought to his judgment-seat, I do not say God incarnate, but the teacher and preacher of a higher form of morals and a more enduring form of social order than that of which he was himself the representative. To a man in Pilate's position, the morals and the social order which he represents are for all practical purposes absolute standards. — P. 93.

Whether this was the theory of Roman law, we may afterwards see. But it is here presented as the universal and true theory against which it is difficult to contend seriously. It may be so. This at all events is not the place to deal directly with it, farther than by recording a fundamental dissent and implacable opposition.*

* It is the same theory, *mutatis mutandis*, with Ultramontaniam, and that not merely because in both the individual conscience is crushed under authority. "It appears to me," says the author, "that the Ultramontane view of the relation between Church and State is the true one" (p. 109), because, as is explained,

But it is exactly the place to point out that this was the theory which the defence of the accused seems directed to meet. The doctrine of the powerful book from which we quote is that "sceptical arguments in favor of moderation about religion are the only conclusive ones." To suggest such arguments to the governor, or at least to leave his mind to the sceptical poise of the average educated Roman of the day, might have seemed the prudent part in a prophet accused of treason. His words take very much the opposite course. The assertion of a kingdom — a higher and ruling "form of morals and social order" — set up in the earth, but in a different plane and kosmos from the secular power of Rome, might of itself have implied the assertion of a duty to recognize that kingdom. But when its assertion was backed by an immediate appeal to the truth, as that which men are born into the world to confess, the defence plainly resolved into a claim that this truth, and not any social order or traditional belief, should be the "final and absolute standard." And the last words addressed to Pilate clinch "the duty of any one in his position to recognize the teacher" of that higher order and extramundane truth; for "every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Besides, even if we should prefer to disbelieve this conversation, we cannot escape from the fact that this was precisely the attitude taken up historically by Christianity. It did not claim merely to be one higher form of morals or religion among others. It claimed to be the true religion — in the sense of being both universal and obligatory. And the empire, which would have been content to ignore it while it presented itself as simply a higher form of morals or even of social order, could not ignore it when it appeared as the universal and obligatory form. When it is claimed to be the truth, Rome first answered, "What is truth?" and when it insisted on the right of truth to be obeyed, Rome answered again with persecution. And Christianity responded by the constant reiteration of the duty of every member of the State, whether an official or not, to recognize this truth, to bear witness to it, and, if need be, to die for it. Hence the immense interest which has always attached to Pilate's answering inquiry. It was the utterance of one who was neither a

Ultramontane correctly hold that of the two powers one must be supreme and the other must obey, and that there is no real distinction of a spiritual and a secular province in human life.

philosopher nor a statesman, but simply a typical Roman gentleman, in a position where he represented his State. And precisely because it was so, the question, "What is truth?" lays bare the hinge upon which the mighty Roman world was then smoothly revolving into the abyss. The republic, we must never forget, had already ceased to believe in its own morals and social order. The fact is certain, but the pathos of it has too seldom been acknowledged. Again and again in the past we have mused and mourned over Greece, and its search of truth intellectual — its keen and fruitless search, never ending, ever beginning, across wastes of doubt and seas of speculation, lighted by uncertain stars. But to-day let us for once remember that greater race, the greatest this earth has known; called and trained through long centuries to the work of governing a world, and when at last that mighty inheritance came into its hands, stricken with inward paralysis for want of a motive and a hope. Too well has our own poet drawn the picture: —

In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian way;

He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crowned his hair with flowers:
No easier and no quicker passed
The impracticable hours.

And so there crept upon men that moral languor and satiety of life which underlay the whole time of the empire, hardening, often into cruel apathy or reckless despair. But have we always reflected how certainly this cynical moral mood of the dominant race was the result of the new circumstances into which it was thrown? In early days the Roman believed in himself, in his gods, in his institutions, and, above all, in his State. It was for him *theatrum satis magnum* — his standard, his rule, his righteousness. And so he was righteous, in his stern, relentless way. But now the world had grown wider. And what had sufficed for virtue in former times did not suffice for virtue now. A provincial belief, a national religion, was too narrow for a world: it necessarily collapsed, and left the lords of earth, with strong hands and empty hearts, sceptical as to truth, and so lapsing from righteousness.

That this had become largely the result even in the reign of Tiberius, is admitted. And it was plainly a position of matters very unfortunate for the application of the

general rule suggested. That Pilate, or Pliny, or any Roman official, should have to refuse a higher order of morals which his conscience approved, simply because his State believed in a lower, was hard enough. But that such an official should have to refuse that higher morality or religion, after both he and his State had ceased to believe in the lower, was harder still. And that in such circumstances a judge should have to use systematic persecution against the confessedly higher convictions, simply to prevent their making head against a legal standard of faith which he and all men had begun to disbelieve, was the most unfortunate thing of all. There is probably nothing which so excites the loathing of mankind as when the State persecutes for a faith which it is already beginning to lose. And yet, obviously, that is precisely the time when it is most likely to happen, and on the theory with which we are dealing it is what ought to happen. That theory we are not to discuss, but in answering the question by which its author so courageously illustrates it, "Was Pilate right in crucifying Christ?" we must for a moment shred away all circumstances of aggravation. Suppose that Pilate and the Romans of his time still believed in the old religion of the little Tiber city, that Jesus had been a native subject of that city, and that *the law of the city demanded* persecution of all religious convictions hostile to its old faith. What in such circumstances was the "duty of a man in Pilate's position"? I answer that his duty was (having first cared for the immediate peace of his district) to refuse to obey the law, and to resign his position rather than outrage a principle of conscience, which lies deeper than all social superstructures of either the Church or the State. There are laws which are invalid because they strike against the basis of all law. But this brings us to the final question, What was the law of Rome in the matter of the trial of Jesus Christ?

My space warns me to give a general answer to this question, and to avoid references to sources. It is well known that the policy of Rome as a conquering power towards the religions of subject states was one of toleration. But that meant little more than toleration of existing religions in their local seats. Because the worship of Serapis or Isis was tolerated on the Nile, as a monotheistic worship was in Judaea, it by no means followed that either of them became a *religio licita* on the banks of the Tiber. Even if such a religion was tolerated on the Tiber, exclusive

devotion to it was tolerated only in natives of the country from which it came, and was at no time permitted to Roman citizens. For them all over the world the old religion was imperative; and for the world, the religion of the Tiber though not imperative was dominant. The concessions made to the provinces for their religions were strictly concessions, not concordats. Accordingly the concession was generally limited by the idea, *Cujus regio, ejus religio*. Outside the region or province where the local cult ruled, it was denied the rights of publicity and of proselytism, and was restricted to a passive and a private existence. These general considerations explain some of the variations in the Roman treatment of the Jewish and Christian faiths. The old Jewish religion had the paradoxical quality of being national or local on the one hand, while on the other it claimed to be exclusive truth. The union of the two qualities went far to explain that hostility to the human race which the Romans were fond of ascribing to it. A faith which attacked that of all other men, without inviting them to share in it, invited this misconstruction. But its very want of aggressiveness saved it from collisions. When Christianity appeared, a different problem had to be dealt with. Here was a faith which not only claimed to be the absolute truth, but which refused to be confined within local limits. It was essentially proselytizing and therefore essentially public; and it demanded universal individual acceptance — acceptance by the Roman as by the Greek and the Jew. What was the result? "The substance of what the Romans did was to treat Christianity by fits and starts as a crime."* That occasional persecution was not founded upon any specialities in the nature of Christianity, or excited by any great dislike to it as a form of worship or belief. It was persecuted generally as a form of atheism, or of opposition to the established and tolerated institutions. And the opposition to it on this ground was set in motion and regulated by some of the greatest and wisest, and even, in a sense, most tolerant emperors. Trajan and the Antonines were wise and large-hearted monarchs. There was little in Christianity to repel, and there was much in it to attract such men. They were not bigots, and those around them were generally sceptics. They did not believe in absolute or universal truth in matters of religion, and they did believe in the sov-

ereignty and supremacy of the Roman State. The consequence was that while they protected in Egypt and Palestine and Italy all *religiones licite* which would live in peace with each other and claim no universal dominion, they bent the whole force of the State against the one religion which said, "For this cause are men born, that they should bear witness unto the truth," and "Everyone that is of the truth heareth his voice." There is no way of explaining the history except by acknowledging that the constitutional law of Rome reserved to the State the right on the one hand to approve and license, or on the other to repress and forbid, the expression of new religious convictions, the public existence of a new faith. And this prerogative was held to form part of the *majestas* or supremacy of the State.

It was so in the days of Tiberius as truly as in the *terreur juridique* of Domitian. Pilate, as his deputy, seems to have been convinced that the claim of Jesus to be "Christ a king" was not a claim to temporal sovereignty. He accepted in some sense his own assurance that it was a kingdom not of this world. Yet this meant, at the least, that his kingdom was a religion which he was about to found. It meant more. A religion which takes the form of a kingdom, with a king and his non-combatant servants, however little "of this kosmos" it may be, must be not only religion but a Church. A universal religion, starting with individual faith, but adding immediately an obligation to confess that faith and to proselytize, is already (according to the Protestant definition) a Church. The defence of Jesus gave at least as much prominence to this as his disciples did during the early ages; and it gave additional seriousness to the charge of treason. A great student of history of our time has perhaps gone too far in holding that the Roman laws against unlicensed association or combination were the unhappy root of all the persecutions,* too far even in holding that they were the instrument by which all these persecutions were carried on. These laws were the branches rather than the root, but they were in liv-

* "La seule chose à laquelle l'empire Romain ait déclaré la guerre, en fait de religion, c'est la théocratie. Son principe était celui de l'état laïque; il n'admettait pas qu'une religion eût des conséquences civiles ou politiques à aucun degré; il n'admettait surtout aucune association dans l'état en dehors de l'état. Ce dernier point est essentiel; il est, à vrai dire, la racine de toutes les persécutions. La loi sur les confréries, bien plus que l'intolérance religieuse, fut la cause fatale des violences qui déshonorèrent les règnes des meilleurs souverains." — Renan's *Les Apôtres*, p. 351.

* Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, p. 90.

ing union with it. There can be no doubt that the laws regulating *collegia*, and repressing all unlicensed associations, had from the beginning a close connection with the *majestas* of the State, and especially with its right to institute and enforce religion.* The two things worked together, and they did so in theory and practice. A claim of Jesus merely to found a universal religion might no doubt, in practice, have come into collision with the law of Rome. But his claim to found it as a kingdom, though not of this world — “*une association dans l'état en dehors de l'état*,” as it is happily expressed — seems to me to have been essentially inconsistent with the public principle of that law. Christianity, in short, was incompatible with the Roman public law, and that not merely because its contents were different from those of the old religion of Rome, but because its claim to universal individual acceptance and public confession conflicted with the unlimited and unbalanced sovereignty of the Roman State. And on these very points that law came into conflict with the author of Christianity. It does not, perhaps, follow that Pilate, as its administrator — supposing him to have apprehended the existence of this religious conflict, as he apprehended the non-existence of any civil conspiracy — was bound to condemn Jesus. As Trajan explains in his famous letter to the governor of Bithynia, it was the duty of the higher magistrate to use his own discretion in dealing with those who had transgressed the law on religion. Pilate seems, indeed, to have believed Jesus to be both just and harmless; and, so believing, he sinned in swaying from his first judgment, and betrayed the innocent blood. But when he ultimately sent him to the cross it was as claiming to be a king, and on the original charge of acting *adversus majestatem populi Romani*. And in point of fact, whatever his judge may have thought, the claim of Christ was truly inconsistent with the claim of the State which Pilate represented; and the world must judge between the two.

In considering the most famous of all trials from a merely legal and, indeed, formal point of view, we have come to some conclusions. We have found that it was a double trial, and that both parts of

it were conducted with a certain regard to the forms of the two most famous jurisprudences of the world. In both the judges were unjust, and the trial was unfair; yet in both the right issue was substantially raised. And in both that issue was the same. Jesus Christ was truly condemned on a double charge of treason. He died because in the ecclesiastical council he claimed to be the Son of God and the Messiah of Israel, and because before the world-wide tribunal he claimed to be Christ a king.

ALEX. TAYLOR INNES.

From Good Words,
DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY
BY THE AUTHOR OF “PATTY.”

CHAPTER XIV. THE ANSWER.

MR. BURNESTON had left his horse at the vicarage while he went across the field to Church Farm.

He could hardly have told why he did this; he had made up his mind to ask Doris to be his wife, let her father's answer be what it would, and yet he had hesitated to show this determination beforehand; as we have seen, he had not begun by saying he was on his way to Steersley.

The vicar had been out, and Mr. Burneston met him at the gate where the gardener's boy Joshua was holding the squire's horse. Mr. Spencer's rosy face and bright eyes twinkled at the sight of his “young friend,” as he generally called Philip Burneston.

“Coming in for a chat, I hope. No worries, eh? Ralph all right? That's well; come along.” Without waiting for any answer, he turned into the vicarage garden. Mr. Burneston felt impatient.

“Look here, Spencer,” he said, “I can't come in, you must let me off to-day. I—I am rather hurried. I'm going to Steersley on business.”

The vicar wheeled round; he was short and square in figure, with a broad, flat, kindly face and humorous mouth; he laid his finger on the lappel of Burneston's coat and screwed up his eyes.

“Business that won't keep, eh, Phil? Well, you know best, but there is a proverb which says, ‘Look before you leap.’”

“What do you mean?” But the vicar,

* “La prétexte de religion ou d'accomplissement de vœux en commun est prévu et formellement indiqué parmi les circonstances qui donnent à une réunion le caractère de délit; et ce délit n'était autre que celui de lèse-majesté, au moins pour l'individu qui avait provoqué la réunion.” — P. 362.

frightened at his own indiscretion, had turned away and retreated into his house.

The squire muttered a strong-sounding word, and that was all; he did not even thank Joshua, but flung him some pennies, and rode away as fast as he could.

The keen east wind had so dried the soil that the dust followed him like a cloud. Perhaps there was a likeness between it and the hazy tumult of his thoughts.

"I don't know what all this means," he said angrily. "What can Spencer have heard unless Raine spoke to him? It's not like Gilbert, though," he rode on thinking; "but it was not like him to come all the way from Austin's End, as he did the other day. No," he said angrily, "they all mean well, but have made a great mistake; they treat me as if they thought I was like Ralph, still a schoolboy." Ralph—that was really the thorn that lay beneath all this irritation.

Mr. Burneston did not care for the opinion of the little world of Burneston, or for the more general disapproval of his friends; but he shrank with the shyness of a girl or a boy from the disapprobation of this lad of fifteen.

"So like his mother, too, in all his notions. I must write to him fully to-night, it's only fair; he will be none the worse for my marriage. I shall probably save money by living quietly at home."

A picture rose, self-created, to his view which made him laugh at these pricking doubts. Ralph, and all possible annoyance connected with him, faded before the image of Doris and the home she would make for him. It was not only her beauty that filled this man's mind; there was a sweetness of subdued manner, a gentle calmness, very restful when contrasted with the frivolous, exacting nature of the woman who to him had been as wives are apt; however wrongly, to be, to their husbands, a representative type of woman-kind.

"Doris is perfect now," his thoughts ran; "but there is so much in her to develop that there is no saying how grand a character she may become."

He did not want to depend on his wife for guidance or even counsel; he liked, after the fashion of one who had been an only child, to be left alone and neither teased nor thwarted; but he did not care to be burdened with the weaknesses or indecisions of another mind, and it seemed to him that a very happy and free life lay before him.

Just as he rode into Steersley, flushed with joyful anticipation, the old flat face

and screwed-up eyes of the vicar came back with his warning.

"Look before you leap," Mr. Burneston's lip curled as he smiled; "Yes, look when there is fear of a pitfall, or any kind of treachery. I may fall utterly because there is just the possibility that—that Doris cares for some one else; but failing that, I am taking no blind leap."

He felt anxious till he reached the cottage gate lest Doris should be absent, but as he dismounted and told the boy who seemed to be waiting for him, so ready was he in his appearance, to take his horse to the Black Eagle, he heard the sound of music coming from the cottage.

He had long ago given up asking for Mrs. Barugh. His visits were ostensibly paid to George, and the little maid had got into the way of throwing open the "drawing-room" door and leaving him to announce himself, or if George was out she told the visitor so without any asking.

Mr. Burneston went in eagerly. Doris was rising from the piano, and without looking round he saw that George was absent.

It was the first time they had been alone since the meeting in Steersdale, and Doris was instantly conscious of a change in Mr. Burneston's manner, he seemed so much younger and more impulsive. She looked at him with a puzzled face, and he saw it and went back to his usual reserve.

"I saw your father at the farm just now, he is quite well," he said, "and the sick cow is better."

Her eyes brightened as she looked at him.

"How sympathetic she is!" he thought, while Doris was merely rejoicing that this change would ensure her father's Sunday visit; for this had become doubly precious since her disagreement with George.

Before she could answer, her brother's halting step came across the passage, and he was in the room shaking hands with Mr. Burneston.

In Mr. Burneston's absence Doris could think of so much to say to him, but to-day his altered manner had made her shy, and she felt a sense of relief when George came in; while her companion experienced a sudden and quite new antipathy to his future brother-in-law. How broadly George still talked, spite of the advantages he had had! and a slight shiver passed through Mr. Burneston. "There is nothing so catching as a bad way of speaking," he thought, and he resolved that Doris should not be exposed to this association longer than could be helped.

George was less cordial than usual. This was the first time the squire's visits had been paid so near together, and it seemed to him that it was his duty to put them on a different footing. Love had sharpened George's eyes, and he, too, saw a marked change in the visitor. There was a flutter and eagerness in his manner that surprised the lad, accustomed to look up to his friend with a kind of loving reverence.

The talk flagged; the chief speakers, the squire and George, were each thinking how they could best say their say. Mr. Burneston wanted to be rid of George, and George of Doris.

But the older man's impatience mastered all restraint — moreover, he still considered George as only a boy.

"George," he smiled, "I want to say a few words to your sister; go in the next room till I come to you, there's a good fellow."

George flushed scarlet. Doris was stooping down looking out a piece of music for Mr. Burneston, and she did not hear distinctly. When she turned round George stood close by the squire, and was speaking almost in a whisper. She could not hear what he said, but she thought he looked angry.

"I mun speak to yey, sir, before yey speaks to Doris," George was saying. Mr. Burneston hesitated a minute; but the determined manner of the lad impressed him. "I'll come back," he said to Doris, and he led the way into the room opposite.

"Maister Burneston," George began, and then he turned and closed the door.

The squire had been so completely taken by surprise that he had acted on impulse. As recollection came back, anger came too. He looked sternly at the tall, pale youth; but the pleading earnestness of those honest brown eyes kept him silent.

"Maybe it's again all manners, what I've gotten to say, Maister Burneston; but I cannot put manners before duty." He paused to choose the least offensive way of framing his speech, for he shrank from paining his friend. "Donnut yey think 'at yur visits is bad for Doris? I means," he added hurriedly, "'at they spoils the rest o' her life for her?"

As he went on his voice had grown less and less assured, the words sounded to his sensitive notions so ungrateful.

He looked timidly at Mr. Burneston, and to his surprise the stern look had changed to one full of radiant happiness.

"Perhaps they do, and if you are right,

my dear boy, I had better take care of her for the rest of her life, I think."

George looked stupefied.

"I donnut see your meanin'," he said.

"Well, my boy," Mr. Burneston was now excited out of his usual reticence. "I have had a talk with your father to-day, and I told him I was going to speak to Doris, and — and," then the certainty of hope that George's words had given him conquered his reluctance, and he added, "I am going to ask her to be my wife."

George turned an ashy whiteness, and then he flushed up all over his face.

"Then yey'll be doin' us all a great wrang, an' yersel and Maister Ralph a greater. Let us keep to oursels, Maister Burneston," the lad raised his head till he looked as tall as his father. "I's sear gude nivvers com' of a weddin' 'at warn't a match."

Mr. Burneston smiled, the lad's sturdy-ness amused him.

"Well, my boy, you are hardly of an age to judge," he said. "Now if that is what you had to say, I will go back to your sister."

But George stepped forward.

"Nay, sir, nay, do leave t' lass quiet. She's happy enough, an' if she sees you less oft, she'll maybe think more o' her own. I donnut say I can talk tiv her the same as you, bud if she has only me she'll learn to be content."

"This is nonsense, I can't listen to you any longer," Mr. Burneston's impatience rose. "I tell you I have spoken to your father — you really must not interfere in what you cannot judge about, though" — he spoke more gently — "if I did not hope to marry your sister, you would of course be perfectly right in all you say."

George laid one hand on the squire's arm, and the other on the door-handle.

"That donnut change nowt," he was almost panting with excitement; it seemed to him that the squire was going to do wrong, and that he was bound to prevent it. "I mean this. God has made men and women and placed them in different states of life. Ay, and set up landmarks, such as speech, and dress, and looks, too, for that matter, atween them, and if we's to take these things to wersels and break 'em up here and down there, mebbe we's all end in more of a maunge than t' Tower of Babel."

"Well, look here," Mr. Burneston's laughing manner jarred the lad's earnestness; "in theory you are perfectly right; this is a practical question, and I have no time really for theories to-day."

He motioned for George to open the door, but the lad would not do this; he withdrew his hand from it, and walked proudly and sorrowfully to the window.

"I've been as blind as any mole," he thought. "Diz mother ken what's doin'?"

Mr. Burneston walked quickly into the next room.

Doris had felt puzzled by what had happened; but there was so much reserve between her and George that she could not guess at what he might have to say to Mr. Burneston. She only wondered that he had not come back with the squire.

Mr. Burneston walked up to where she sat with a book, and placed himself on a chair beside her.

"Doris," it was the first time he had called her so, and her color rose in a pink flush that made her lovelier than ever. "Do you recollect the day I met you in Steersdale?"

"Yes," the question was a relief, she looked up as she answered, and saw the strange agitated expression of his face, and the trouble which that talk in Steersdale had created, came back.

"Well, then you promised to look on me as a friend. Now, my child, I want you to have complete trust in me — a friend, you know, is always trusted."

Doris was getting bewildered, it seemed as if she were being accused of deceit.

"I have always trusted you," she said proudly.

"Ah, but I want a still deeper trust, I want you to tell me — even if I seem very bold in asking — whether, Doris, you have" — he hesitated, spite of all, he so dreaded her answer that he lingered as long as he could — "ever had a dearer friend."

She grew lovelier while he spoke, for the pink flush deepened with wounded pride, and also with disappointment. Instinct told her the real meaning of his question, and she had looked on Mr. Burneston as faultless with regard to delicacy: what right had he to try and force a confidence of this kind? "If I had had any love nonsense," she thought, "does he really suppose me weak and silly enough to talk about it?"

She raised her head slightly, but she did not look at him as she answered, —

"I have never had *any* other friend," with emphasis, "but the Miss Masham I have spoken to you of, my school-fellow."

"Well, then" — he was glad to have made her angry; any mood seemed easier

than her usual calm, smiling reserve — "I want you to let me be your very dearest friend, much dearer" — his voice grew very tenderly earnest — "than your friend Rica. Tell me, Doris, can you love me better than any one else?"

She had raised her eyes in sudden wonder, but they fell quickly, for his eyes told the story that a woman cannot mistake when it is a true one; her heart fluttered in her bosom like some little startled bird, and her breath came and went quickly.

"Tell me, Doris, can you love me better than your dearest friend?" he said softly; but though he was so near her he did not even take her hand in his; he felt that this was not the confusion of surprised love, and that the answer he waited for was more than doubtful.

Slowly the eyelids rose, and those wonderful far-off gazing eyes gave him a timid, wavering glance.

"I do not know," Doris said gently, "I like you more than I can tell."

Her hands lay in her lap, he lifted one of them to his lips.

"I am satisfied," he said. "Doris, will you say you like me well enough to be with me always, and be my wife?"

He still held her hand, but his clasp tightened as he waited breathlessly.

She tried to speak, but the words would not come. At last she gave a little nervous smile.

"If you let go my hand I can tell you better," then as he released it she drew a deep breath.

"I had better tell you all the truth; if it is ungrateful, and not what I ought to say, you are so good that you will forgive me" — she stopped.

"Yes — yes," he said, "go on."

"To be your wife and to be always away from what I shrink from in life, is too great happiness to think of; but then, I know that you have a right to expect I should only think of you, and it would not be honest to say that I can do this." She clasped both her hands with the effort these words cost her.

There was a little silence. She had confessed more than he had hoped for, but there was a feeling of disappointment.

"You are so young," he said presently; "your own feelings are scarcely known to you; if you are always happy with me, if you are not conscious of liking any one better, it is quite possible that you do love me without knowing it —"

Then his feelings broke through the tight rein he had laid on them.

"My darling, I will not ask you to say more now," he said, "you must be my wife. I will soon teach you to love me."

Doris did not feel sure whether she had consented; but when the squire put his arm round her and kissed her blushing cheek, she wished he had not spoken.

"A friend is nicer than a lover," the girl thought.

CHAPTER XV.

AN APPEAL.

JOHN BARUGH came over the morning after Mr. Burneston's visit. Dorothy met him at the door, and in the excess of her joy at what had happened, put both arms round his neck and kissed him heartily. John pushed her away.

"Theer, theer, missus, 'at'll deea — wheear's mah lass — wheear's Doris?" He looked sad and determined, and Dorothy's anger at his repulse melted into fear.

"She's there, dear," she said, and she opened the parlor door.

John took the door handle and pushed her on one side.

"Ah'll speak te thoo presentlys," he said sternly. "Ah mun bide aleean wi' Doris."

He walked up to his daughter, kissed her, and then sat down.

He did not look at her; he kept his eyes away, as if he were debating what to say.

Doris had rarely felt so nervous; ever since Mr. Burneston rode away the day before she had been dreading this interview, although she could have given no more definite cause for her dread than most girls in the same position.

But this silence oppressed her; it was so different to her father's joyful, almost boisterous greetings.

"How's the cow, father?" she said shyly.

"Deng t' coo." Then checking himself, he looked up at his daughter and smiled. "Ah's a rough chap when ah's freeated, and ah's yamost oot 'at yed aat 't news ah's gotten about'wards yey, Doris. Waat hev yey seh'd tuv t' squire?"

Doris had grown very rosy while her father spoke; it seemed to her that he was blaming her for Mr. Burneston's proposal.

"Mr. Burneston came yesterday," she said simply, "and asked me to be his wife."

"Geh on," said John hoarsely. "Ah knows thaat."

The girl hesitated; she could not say she loved Mr. Burneston, and she could not tell her father that she was willing to marry the squire because she shrank from her home life.

John groaned.

"Yey hev seh'd yey wad wed him?"

"I suppose so," she said, for, indeed, under this direct questioning it seemed to Doris that she had given no absolute consent to marry, though both Mr. Burneston and her mother evidently regarded the matter as settled.

It seemed to John Barugh as if his heart must choke him; it was like to burst with the violence of the struggle within. Love and anger and pride, too, were wrenching the strong man this way and that, till he could hardly bear the suspense.

He rose up slowly, and moving across to where the girl sat he laid one hand on her soft, smoothly waving hair.

"Mah lass," he said gently, "ah've nivver telled yee, an' mebbe ah's been wrang, bud ah's nae gleg at speakin' o' mysen." He paused a moment. "Yey's mair te mey, Doris, dhen mah ain life. Mebbe yey've thowt ah waaz a careless fayther to suffer ye te bide sae lang fra t' yam. Ye deeadn't ken, lass, how ah've longed efter mah bairn, — mah heart wur reet sair a' t' tahme. An' noo ah've gotten her, ah'd cut off mah reet hand, lass, gin t' wad gi' yey mair joy i' yur life. Noo tell mey, lass, tell yer fayther, wheea hev nae secrets fra yee — diz yon man luov yee mich as thaat?"

Doris had trembled while he spoke; this betrayal of strong feeling stirred her, though at the time it did not touch her deeply.

She moved her head from under his hand and held up her face to be kissed; but John was too overwrought to notice this.

"You are very good to me, father," she said — "very, very kind; but are you vexed about this?"

John turned away.

"That's not the wod, lass; tell mah ye luv'es t' squire better dhen fayther, ur mother, ur George, an' ah'll gi' yee tiv him; thof yee hev knawd him bud three ur four weeks," he added sadly.

This was the first glimmer that had come to Doris of her father's power to forbid her marriage, and her sense of justice rose against what seemed to her to be tyranny. She forgot her father's sorrow.

"I cannot marry against your wish;

but I think Mr. Burneston will make me very happy," she said quietly, and with a coldness that struck him like a knife; "and if you wish for my happiness, father, you had better let us marry."

He was still turned away from her; she could not see the anguish in his eyes; the rigid pressure of his lips one against another, the clasp of his strong hand, and yet the sympathy that had bound this father and daughter so firmly together had not quite lost its power in Doris's own heart; something warned her that her father's silence was unnatural.

She went up to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Father," she said gently, "tell me; don't you want me to marry Mr. Burneston?"

He turned round quickly, his deep-set eyes lightened down on her from under the heavy red brows, and the light shining through his hair and beard seemed to circle his head with a glory.

"God help yee, bairn! Yee gaums nowt"—he drew a deep breath—"nowt o' whaat ah's feelin'. An' waat fer sud ye? Deead ah ivver say ye neea, lass? Waat fur sud ah freeat gin yey'se happy? 'At's waat ah's com fer tu mak seear o'. Ah'll gan back to Burneston noo."

Dorothy waited and waited; she did not dare to interrupt the talk between father and daughter. It was a relief when Doris came to find her with the tidings that the farmer had gone back to Church Farm.

"And what does father say, Doris?"

"He's very kind," said Doris; but she turned away and went to her own room to write to her friend Rica.

LETTER FROM DORIS BARUGH TO FREDERICA MASHAM.

"MY DEAR RICA,—When I wrote to you a week ago I did not guess at the news I am now going to give you. I have spoken to you of my brother's kind friend, Mr. Burneston. Only yesterday he came here and asked me to be his wife. This will surprise you; but it surprised me, too, very much. I believe we are to be married in a few weeks. I wanted you to have come and stayed with us first, but now, perhaps, you will be so very kind as to come and be my only bridesmaid. We are to be married at Burneston church, and then Mr. Burneston is going to take me to France and other foreign places. So, dear Rica, if you can come soon I shall be very glad, and then we can have a little time together. Miss Phillimore is

to get all my things; but Mr. Burneston does not wish her to be at the wedding; only you and my own people, and his son, perhaps.

"Dear Rica, it is all like a dream, and this is a rambling letter; but I feel so queer and altered that I sometimes doubt if I really am myself, or whether Dame Wrigley has not bewitched me as well as the cows.

"It is not all happiness. It is very sad to see my poor father; I have only seen him once since, and he cannot bear to give me up. I did not guess he was so fond of me, and I fear we shall meet so seldom—I do not like to think of this. He is going to leave Burneston almost directly. I have told you that is the place where we really live. This is merely a temporary house, and I believe my father is looking after a farm somewhere near the sea; but I suppose gain in life must always bring loss of some kind with it, and I am sure of being satisfied with my new life. Do come as soon as you can; I have so much to talk to you about, and believe me

"Your affectionate friend,

"DORIS BARUGH."

In a few days came Miss Masham's answer.

FROM FEDERICA MASHAM TO DORIS BARUGH.

"I AM so glad, but I never was so surprised, to think of Doris, that chilly lily which turned up its lovely nose at 'love nonsense' generally, having actually condescended to tell a man she will marry him! After this, if clouds fall and pigs whistle, I shall be calm and unsurprised. And the squire is the man—that grand Mr. Burneston, of Burneston Hall! Oh, my Doris! hast thou, then, been a princess in disguise, a goose girl, who is now restored to her rightful rights?

"Will I be your only bridesmaid? I should rather think I would. I am in a perfect whirl of excitement, to think of seeing you and that darling of a poor George so soon, and the new husband—oh, I beg pardon, I mean lover. Only I am frightfully angry with you. You never even tell me his Christian name; you never say 'darling Jack,' or Tom or Harry—just 'Mr. Burneston,' quite calmly, as if he were your grandfather. Is he much older than you, Doris, my love? Well, you have such a steady little head, that you will want a husband older than yourself, and I think it must be much nicer.

How wonderfully good and unselfish you are! Now if I loved any one, I should rave about him, because I should be able to think and talk of no one else. Still, you might have given me a glimpse of the creature, just to let me see if I had the least chance of tormenting him. What a stiff, proper letter I am writing! I believe I have a vague fear that darling B. (perhaps his name is Benjamin—only think of my Doris turning into Mrs. B. B.!) looks over your shoulder while you read. Now don't let him see this, and I'll tell you what happened when I read your letter.

"It was breakfast-time, and I went quite off. I jumped up and cried out, 'Hooroor—hooroor—hooroor!' and all the boys followed suit, they always do, you know; they say I waved my cup round my head, and little Jemmy said, 'Is de house on fire?' and papa put on his spectacles and looked at me in a comic way he has sometimes.

"Anything very special, Frederica?" he said. I sat down: 'Doris is going to be married, papa, and you must excuse everything;' so you see you are responsible for my behavior. I suppose, as the wedding is so quiet, a plain gown, etc., will do best, but mamma will see to all that, she is so good. You can say if you like, how you wish me to be dressed. I am actually bursting till I get to Steersley—how we will talk! George won't mind, I suppose. With fondest wishes for your happiness, your own
"RICA."

"Where is George, mother?" Doris looked up from her letter, "I haven't seen him this morning, and I want to tell him Rica is coming."

"He's gone to breakfast with the rector, my dear—he and Mr. Hawnby seems main fond o' one another—he's a nice old gentleman, Doris. I wish he was going to marry you."

"Do you?" said the girl, absently, "is not one clergyman the same as another? We could certainly have been married here, but Mr. Burneston does not wish it."

"Of course not; why, my dear, it would never have done: it would have looked so bad; it would have seemed as if he was ashamed of what he was doing, and of you too." Doris blushed with vexation. "If you had never lived at Church Farm, it would have been different. My word, child, Mrs. Emmett's face will be a sight to see, and Rose, too. I wonder what they're saying about it all.

I'd like to know, rarely. Eh! Mr. Burneston 'll have to get a new house-keeper."

Mrs. Barugh checked herself and gave a little frightened look at her daughter's vexed face.

"Please don't talk so, mother, I don't like to see you proud of what is a trouble to me."

"A trouble! what do you mean, child? Your marriage a trouble! My word, you're talking nonsense, Doris."

"No, mother, I'm sure I'm right, and father thinks so too, I know, though he's sorry to lose me. I am glad to marry Mr. Burneston, and proud, too, that he should wish to marry me, and I like him; but I'm troubled. I mean because this marriage will make some people vexed and unhappy, and that is why I wanted less hurry about it."

Mrs. Barugh always got fretted in an argument with her calm, clever daughter. Doris was sure to get the best of it, and was, her mother knew, usually right. But she had some strange crotchets, Dorothy thought, and, with all her loftiness, in some ways a great want of proper pride.

"Gracious me! That's what I call folly, child. Why ever should you and Mr. Burneston dilly-dally over your happiness, just because a strong-willed, selfish boy of fifteen chooses to object? for I'll lay that's what your 'some people' means."

Doris frowned yet more decidedly, and pressed her lips together to control her vexation.

"Please don't say 'I'll lay,' mother, and I don't think you are quite fair to Ralph Burneston. Suppose father were left alone, don't you think George would be vexed if he wanted to marry a girl out of the village?"

Mrs. Barugh had seized a lilac cap-string with each hand while her daughter spoke, and she held them at some distance apart while she answered, —

"My goodness, Doris, you do say the oddest things. Fancy your comparing your brother George with that self-willed, giving-himself-airs young Ralph Burneston, and then to liken yourself to Rose Duncombe or one of these Steersley lasses! You take my breath away, and that's a fact. Mr. Burneston knows what he's about, and he's quite in the right to pay no heed to his son's objections, that's to say if he really does object."

"Well, mother, how about George? Is he self-willed and selfish?"

Doris looked half archly, half sadly at

her mother, and Mrs. Barugh's delicate face puckered and quivered. It was as much as she could do not to cry at the remembrance of what had followed Mr. Burneston's proposal. In the very moment of her triumph, when Mr. Burneston had come into the kitchen after her, and had shaken her by both hands in the fulness of his joy, and thanked her for giving him such a treasure, in that sublimest moment of her life, when everything looked radiant with glory, George had suddenly come to her, as she stood a moment before she sought Doris, looking after the squire as he rode away.

"Mother," the lad spoke in bitter sorrow, "donnut look for joy or blessing' in this matter, gude will not come on it—only sorrow."

"Hush, George," she had said, "oh, fie, for shame!" But the lad had retreated to his own room, and next morning had come her husband's rude, strange behavior: "Not to say one word after he had seen Doris, and to go off again without giving any reason. As sulky and dogged as you please," Dorothy had said pettishly to herself; "bother the men, they're all alike."

It was really too bad that neither husband nor son should wish her joy on this great and triumphant event, which she felt she had helped to produce.

But during the afternoon a hamperful of flowers had come for her from Burneston Hall, with a little parcel for Doris, and the setting out her flowers had filled Mrs. Barugh with a happy, fluttered excitement. She was disappointed to find that the parcel only contained a letter, but somehow a throng of busy thoughts and plans, and the golden future shining out more and more distinctly as a background to her daughter's loveliness, had made her shake off these vexations.

And now Doris herself had recalled them. It was too bad; between them they had managed to trouble all her joy.

"I must give George a talking to," she said, in answer to her daughter's question.

She resented the cold indifference which George had shown, and yet she could not bear to blame him to his sister, come what might. Her boy was more to her than Doris ever could be.

Doris smiled, but she felt proud and bitter.

"You had better leave him alone, mother. He thinks I ought to have said no. He has scarcely spoken to me since; so it is plain you and he do not look at this matter from the same point of view."

It was harder than ever to blame Doris now that she would so soon be a real lady; not only a lady in her mother's eyes, but an unmistakable lady in the eyes of the whole world; for Dorothy even then held the creed so popular nowadays, that a lady is made by her dress and her house, her establishment, etc., far more than by her breeding; but her restless nature could not be content without an attempt to justify George.

"Ah, it's all very well for those who have got all they want to take no account of those that haven't, but Doris, it wouldn't be natural if the poor lad wasn't sad; he may be nothing to you, but of course you're a great deal to him; and no girl's the same to her brother after she's married."

"No, I suppose not," said Doris, drily. It seemed to her scarcely possible that George could ever feel himself Mr. Burneston's equal. "But, mother, you mistake if you think I have ever been much to George; he thinks far more of Rose than he does of me."

Mrs. Barugh put her hand up to her forehead. "Oh, dear, why do you put that in my head, child? And when you are gone, there'll be no hindrance; that girl'll be always after him."

"I don't know about that," said Doris, quietly; "at present I think the love is all on George's side."

CHAPTER XVI.

HEARTBURNING.

"I CANNOT see it," George was saying. "Ye may be reet, sir, but it goes agin me to think ye are."

The clergyman sat smiling kindly at his young friend. He had just led the way into his library—a favorite haunt of George's, and even now, though at Mr. Hawnby's request the lad sat down, his eyes roved greedily over the brown leather and stone-colored paper backs of the precious books that covered the walls.

"Well, George, put it in this way; suppose, when you are older, you feel an affection for some young woman not quite of your own level; will you think it right if she gives you up because of this? But yours, of course, can hardly be a parallel case, because your parents have to be considered."

George's fiery redness made the vicar hesitate.

"Yes," the lad said thoughtfully, "when a lad has a father and mother like mine is, he's bound to study 'em afore his own

likin's, an' maybe it's feelin' that 'at makes me so hard on Doris. If I saw 'at my marryin' wad gi' father or mother a sore heart, I'd not do't."

"That's well said; but still you forget another point; you say that your sister's affections are not warmly engaged, but you seem to forget Mr. Burneston's feelings. Surely he must love your sister very much indeed."

George struck his fist on the leather-covered table.

"And that's what I cannot make myself believe. He hesn't seen eneaf on her to know if she's fit for him. Maybe he sees 'at this skeealin's played the mischief wi' her life, and he's taken pity on her; if I were seear o' that"—he stood upright, warming with his subject—"I'd niver let him within t' door. Ah, ye looks startled, Mr. Hawnbly, and maybe ye thinks I'm a soary brother, but I cannut stan' by and see my sister married fer charity."

Mr. Hawnbly had sat resting his head on his hand; as George spoke he laid his fingers across his own mouth, it was so difficult not to laugh outright at this suggestion.

"No fear of that, my boy," he said kindly, "you must try and remember that your sister is a very beautiful and gifted young woman, and from the little I have seen of her I should say that in outward manner she is very well fitted for her change of position; but though I cannot do as you wish with regard to your mother, I will tell you, because I see that you wish for my real opinion, that in point of fact, I entirely disapprove of unequal marriages; they must breed strife somewhere, and they tend to disorder in many ways, and strife and disorder in a family"—he smiled—"are, I suppose, great foes to godliness, eh, George?"

"Oh, sir," George's brown eyes were full of beseeching earnestness, "say all that to mother, please do, sir; ye hardly know t' good 't would do her. Yer sermons have stirred her wonderful; they're another sort to our parson's. I don't mean a word o' blame, sir, again Mr. Spencer, but when t' parson's so keen for huntin' and shootin' and ferretin' and the like, ther's nae use in lookin' for work in his sermons, it seems to me they comes last wi' Maister Spencer."

Mr. Hawnbly laughed.

"You young people are very severe critics; you'll be telling me next how long a sermon ought to take to write, eh, George?"

"No, sir"—the lad blushed, but he

spoke reverently—"I hope I'll not venture to find fault wi' you—it's for mother's sake I axes ye to speak to her; this marriage seems to hev turned her upside down."

"I really cannot interfere," the rector said; "if your father asked me, I should hesitate, because really there seems no ground to go on, but I tell you again that a brother has no authority whatever; you have really no right to give your opinion."

"Well, good-bye, sir," George spoke wearily, "it's the first time I ever found I couldn't see things as you does, an' I cannut—an' if I feels a thing's wrang, well then I feels it a duty to say so."

"Good-bye, my boy; I think you are wrong; remember the old saw, 'Least said, soonest mended.' Now I am due at a parish meeting."

George limped home in a discontented mood. His will asserted itself strongly against this marriage, and he had been so accustomed to see his advice taken by both parents, that he could scarcely believe they would not end by following it in this instance. His mother's submission to his guidance had been so implicit that it seemed to him, as he had said to Mr. Hawnbly, as if her daughter's engagement had turned her upside down. It was a great pity that the rector refused to interfere.

As he went slowly home he thought over Mr. Hawnbly's words.

"If he'd ha' known all," he said sorrowfully, "he'd say that there warn't t' reet feelin's atween Doris an' me. Maybe I'm at fault too; there mun be two to make a quarrel, and maybe it'd be reeter an' more like a brother's part to speak out tiv her like a man, isted of hodin' my tongue like a sulky cur. If I could gain Doris, mother wad see it t' same way: as to father, he's crazed about her doin' it."

As he reached the cottage, he saw his sister at the gate. She was dressed for walking, and it seemed to the lad that here was his opportunity made for him.

He nodded to her, and then turned and walked beside her without a word. "I have a letter from Rica," she said; "she says she'll come, George." He made no answer, and she went on beside the beck, and through the white swing gate, which George held open for her.

They were quite alone here, the hedge on one side screening them from the road, and the high green sloping meadow on the other securing them from any sudden interruption. Doris was annoyed by her brother's silence.

"What's the matter, George?" she said.

"Doris!" he spoke abruptly; "maybe I've not been quite as ye might ha' thowt I should ha' bin in all this, an' I'll tell ye the reason fer't, lass. I cannot speak again my conscience, an' say I wishes yey joy when I thinks ye'se doing wrang."

"I know you think so, but I cannot help that."

"Yey thinks I say this because of the space atween ye an' Mr. Burneston, but it is nut for that alone. Yey does not love t' squire as a lass sud love afore she weds, Doris, an' I'm feared yer's weddin' for t' sake of bein' a great lady, and that'll nivers bring a blessin'."

Doris kept silent, she was angry, but she told herself that in this short time of her home life she ought to be kind to her family.

George was surprised when she looked smilingly at him.

"If I say what I think," she laughed, "I should say it is not your business; but I want you to be reasonable, and therefore I will be quite open with you. You are right. I do not love Mr. Burneston" — she blushed till George thought her color was as lovely as Rose's — "as much as I should do if I had known him longer. I was taken by surprise. I should have preferred things to have come more gently and naturally, but I see this would be selfish — at least, Mr. Burneston has made me see it. He says, as father has decided to leave the Church Farm, any delay would be unsettling and unprofitable, and that therefore the sooner we are married the better for father; but, indeed, dear," she said, more warmly, "if you are thinking of my happiness, you need not trouble. I shall be very, very happy."

George was puzzled. Unconsciously, Doris had shielded herself against his arguments, but he had one keen arrow left.

"I do not think of you only; father's main troubled, I'sc seear; if not, then what fer didn't he cum ovver? Yey didn't ken the store he sets by yey, Doris."

Her eyes glistened, and there were tears on the long dark eyelashes.

"I think I do," she said abruptly, "and that is another reason why I wish it were less hurried; it seems as if father and I had had so little time together."

"Waat fur donnut ye go an' bide wi' 'im at t' farm?" he asked abruptly.

Doris looked troubled.

"One or two things prevent that," she said; "I could not go without mother

just now, we have so much to see about together, and it is more convenient in many ways to be here. I hope father will come again soon. I shall write and tell him how much I want him."

"It fair caps mey, it diz," said George emphatically, "I cannot see it plain, ye seys ye loves father best, ye freeats fer his company, and yet ye can leave 'im for t' rest o' his life for a husband whilk is a'most a stranger t' yey."

Doris walked on silently. George's way of putting the question was startling, and carried her on to a side of the future which, in the short time she had had for contemplation, she had not yet seen. As she thought of her father in that brief interview her heart went out after him, and she resolved not only that she would write, but that the warmth of her letter should atone for the coldness which she felt she had shown at their last meeting.

Should she come to love Mr. Burneston as well as the tall, kind-eyed father who loved her so dearly — the only being who had really ever stirred her heart with warm affection? But the question did not touch her as deeply as it would have touched either a different nature, or a mind that had been accustomed to meditate on love.

Doris had never read novels, and love, on the woman's side at least, did not seem the necessity which it is to some minds even in early childhood. Till her engagement the desire of being loved even had not shaped itself. With Doris there had lain dormant the stronger craving which Mr. Burneston's avowal had awakened, though doubtless this had been roused to semi-consciousness by the homage paid her during school-life.

The glimpse she had now got of the poignant lifelong sorrow she was going to cause her father, and also of the wrench the separation — for she was open-eyed to that necessity — must cause her, departed again as if she had shut out a cold wintry sky with a glowing curtain on which a blaze of warm light revealed the marvelous hues, and calm came back to her.

"You must not make any mistake," she said in a firm, decided voice that told George their moment of confidence had ended. "I did not say I should not love Mr. Burneston as a wife should love her husband. I do not like to own, even to you, that at first it is different, but I want to be quite open with you. As to father, it seems to me that the question lies between ourselves. He would wish me to marry some one some day and to be very

happy; so it is chiefly the hurry that really grieves him now, and I must do all I can to make up to him for that. Do not let us quarrel, George." It seemed to her that she should not often again have one of these usually dreaded lectures from her brother, and she resolved to struggle against the hardness his rebukes created. "I learned one thing at school that home life does not teach—people cannot all see things with the same eyes; but it does not follow that those who disagree with us are quite wrong."

George felt worsted and strangely ungracious.

"Well," he said, "I give up, yey must ha' yur will, bud I donnut see that yey's reet, Doris."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EVENING BEFORE.

PERHAPS if we all knew how our words and actions affect others, we should become changed beings, always supposing that we have feelings tender enough to care for the pain or pleasure felt by any but ourselves, and yet, perhaps, what is called our well-being and well-doing in life might be seriously hindered if this were our standard of action.

Perhaps if Doris had seen her father read her letter—with hungry eyes, over which presently he drew his broad fingers as if some mist obscured them—perhaps, I say, if she could have seen the transport of joy, the healing of sorely wounded love that her few loving sentences gave him, she might have asked herself whether she should not pause and stay a while with this fond father, while she learned to love the man for whom she was sacrificing him.

John did not write her an answer. As I have said, he seldom communed with himself except on farming points; but that night when he went to bed he took down his Bible and read, and then he prayed long and earnestly for strength against himself.

Two days after this he met Mr. Burneston. John was glad that they were beyond the church and out of the view of either the old sexton or Rose; he shrank from both of them, and dreaded the moment when the news should find its way to the village. Both John and the squire were on horseback, the latter was on his way to Steersley.

They had not met since the day of the proposal, and Mr. Burneston was surprised

when the farmer reined up his horse and held out his hand.

"Ye mun gi' mah love to Doris, and yey can seh, ah'll bide wi' her fra Saturday till Tuesday, an' we'll hev a rare walk or tweea—she an' mey aleean thegither."

"I'll tell her. Any message to Mrs. Barugh?" The squire was pleased that John had grown reconciled.

John looked stern and shook his head, then nodding to Mr. Burneston, he rode home. Yes, he would go and see Doris now that he could tell her he wished her to be happy in her own way, and he hoped Mr. Burneston would take his hint and leave him alone with his daughter.

The days sped with amazing quickness—days are apt to be winged before a wedding. John Barugh paid more than one visit to Steersley, and each time the squire, prompted by Doris, kept away from the cottage.

But the farmer did not soften towards his wife; indeed, he spoke very little to any one but Doris.

Two days before the wedding he was to take his last leave of her, but, instead, he hurried to the door where George stood looking at his father's horse which a boy had just brought round.

"Wonnut ye bid them farewell?" the lad said.

"Neea, neea." John spoke hoarsely. "Whisht, lad," and he moved quietly along the path lest the sound of his footsteps should bring Doris to the window.

"Ah wadn't bring a tear to her een gin ah cud keep 'em dry," he said as he rode away; he had stifled the longing he felt to hold his darling to his heart, and tell her even then that he could not yield her up.

Doris had had one great disappointment. It had been settled that Rica was to arrive a week beforehand; but on the day she was expected came a letter from Mr. Masham, saying that his wife had been taken suddenly ill, and that his daughter could not be spared at present. "If a favorable change takes place, Rica shall go to you."

Mrs. Barugh had been much discomfited by this. She had engaged a bed for George at the inn, and had spent care and time, which she could ill spare, in the midst of her preparations, in arranging the lad's room for the visitor, and, besides this, what would Doris do for a bridesmaid?

She looked timidly at her daughter, who sat with troubled face re-reading the letter.

"I suppose you wouldn't like me to ask Rose Duncombe?" Dorothy said. "I

could see that she was properly dressed, and I know it would please George."

Doris raised her head haughtily.

"It could not be thought of, mother. I shall have you and my father. It is a pity, of course, but it cannot be helped."

Still it seemed to depress her, and when Mr. Burneston came he reproached her for caring more for Rica than for him. "You have grown quite pale about it," he said laughingly, when he bade her good-bye for the last time before his wedding-day.

He was not to go over to Steersley the actual day before the event; he and John Barugh would have business to transact, both respecting the settlement which Mr. Burneston had made on Doris, and also in regard to Church Farm—also Ralph was to arrive at the Hall.

Only her mother and George saw the sudden surprise in Doris's face when, next morning, a letter came from Rica herself, announcing her arrival for six o'clock that very evening. The letter ended with "I wish I could fly to you."

The excitement and flurry of Dorothy bewildered both her children, and made George, as he expressed it, "fair fractious."

"Sit ye doon, mother," he said, "ye'll worrit Doris past bearin', let alone yersel'; t' room's fettle, an' ye can gi' t' lady summat to her tea, an' what more fuss hev yey need for?"

By tea-time Mrs. Barugh had tired herself out, not only by fussing up and downstairs, but by a perpetual flow of unmeaning talk, of which Doris took no notice. It seemed to her that her mother was the only member of her family who really rejoiced at her marriage, and yet she could not feel grateful for this sympathy. She shrank so painfully from the undisguised triumph which her mother felt in her coming elevation.

George had driven to the station, some miles distant, to fetch Miss Masham, and the mother and daughter sat expecting the visitor.

Doris was dressed as usual in a soft fawn-colored woollen gown, her large falling collar fastened at her throat by a handsome gold brooch—a gift from Mr. Burneston. She wore her soft thick hair smoothly now, though it rippled into exquisite curves on the creamy temples and above the delicate ears; and as she sat thinking she leaned back in her chair and clasped her hands.

As they lay in her lap, twisting round and round her finger a splendored diamond

ring, also a gift from her lover, her mother gazed at her admiringly.

"My word, Doris, this white gown will suit you beautifully, and the bonnet's only fit to go under a glass case. Miss Phillimore's got rare good taste."

"I don't know," Doris said languidly; "I think a lace bonnet is rather fine. I should have liked a simpler one. The one I'm to travel in would have done."

"My dear!"—then seeing a frown gathering, she remembered that this being the last evening, she was bound not to thwart her daughter. "Only to think," she went on, "that it's scarcely more than two months since George and I were sitting expecting you and father from London. My gracious! it seems near a year."

Yes, it was little over two months, and yet Doris seemed to have lived more than one new life in the interval. It was a pleasant distraction to go again back to that first arrival, and see how utterly unlooked for had been such a solution of her puzzle about the future. It was a relief from the day's worry to do this, for this day had not been a happy one to Doris.

Her father's abrupt departure had disappointed her. Several words which she had tried to say, and which she had always failed to utter, she felt she could have spoken in a last parting, for she had not fathomed the real reason of his going away.

"Father's like me in some ways," she said; "he hates any nonsense or fuss, and I dare say he felt awkward. It is very nice to see him so reconciled to my marriage." And yet there was a sense of weight and depression at the thought that she should not see him again till he stood beside her in church to give her to her husband.

It had been decided by Doris herself that she should not return to Church Farm. John Barugh had engaged the best fly and the best pair of horses that the Black Eagle boasted to convey the party from the cottage to Burneston church. Mr. Burneston had feared the long drive for Doris, but she had pleaded earnestly for this arrangement. Then Mr. Spencer was to give them lunch at the vicarage, whence the newly-married pair would start for London.

All this had been settled days ago—it was another perplexity that troubled the girl. After the first disappointment about Rica it had been a relief that her friend was not coming. Doris's independence had been far easier to practise at Pelican House, where her own appearance and her

own manners gave the lie to any surmises about her origin. It would be different at Steersley beside her father and mother, and in the cheaply-fitted little rooms which the nameless attempt to disguise realities with smart rubbish stamped with vulgarity. For a few moments the prospect of seeing her friend, of having some one beside her in this trying time to whom she could speak with a certainty of being understood, was inexpressibly grateful, and her eyes and cheeks glowed with pleasure as she read out the news. But now she shivered as she sat anticipating the first meeting between Rica and her mother. She knew Rica's keen sense of humor, and she seemed to hear beforehand her mother's elaborate greeting and her apologies for all she had tried so hard to make what she considered as it should be. She was angry with herself for the feeling, but it would come.

Like many another proud nature, Doris shrank keenly from ridicule, and she became unjost to her mother's good qualities in her sensitive dread of her absurdities.

"If she had not come now," she repeated to herself, "Rica need never have seen father or mother either."

She had forgotten her visions about George, but the sound of wheels roused her, and there was her brother at the gate laughing and helping out Rica, with whom he seemed already quite at ease.

About the same time the young squire, as Ralph was called, had reached the Hall.

It was nearly a year since he had been at home, for his father had taken him abroad during his summer holidays, and he had shot up so wonderfully that the servants were astonished at his appearance.

"He's a grown man; he's too awd to hev a yung lass set ower him." Benjamin Hazelgrave had kept "a quiet tongue in his head" since the marriage had been announced, but he could not forbear saying this to his wife.

She only shook her head ominously; indeed, so powerful was Mrs. Emmett's influence that you might have thought from the demeanor of the household that its head was going to assist at a funeral next day; only, as Mr. Burneston had been liberal in gifts of gowns and ribbons and other wedding garments, a certain amount of pleasant anticipation pervaded the servants' hall, which did not reach to the housekeeper's room, and caused much speculation as to the chances of a fine day.

Meantime Mr. Burneston was giving his son an affectionate welcome, which that young gentleman received with careless loftiness.

Ralph had told his father in writing that he considered he was going to do a very foolish thing; and it really seemed to the boy that if his father could bring himself to marry a farmer's daughter he must lose caste by doing so.

At first the young fellow had told Gilbert Raine he should not be present at the wedding; but when his father's summons came he did not feel courageous enough to refuse obedience. There was, too, a certain honor and glory in the idea of being the important person of the day, for it seemed to Ralph that, of course, a farmer's daughter would be extremely shy of him, and very desirous of his good opinion.

He was quite as tall as his father now, and singularly like him, only handsomer; his blue eyes were larger and brighter, and his auburn hair clustered round his forehead in crisp waves. He had his mother's delicate features and small chin, but there was about him the graceful dignity and charming frankness of manner which won hearts in his father.

Mr. Burneston's eyes glistened as he looked at his son; he felt proud of him.

"You are growing very fast, Ralph. I suppose you get plenty of exercise with the boats, eh?"

"Oh, yes, as much as I want." Ralph stretched out his legs. "I'm rather a swell oar now, but it was too much fag in hot weather. Where are you going, father," he added in a patronizing tone.

Mr. Burneston winced and was amused both at once; but he felt very much for the boy, and considered that allowance must be made for him.

"To Paris first, I think, and then to the Tyrol, which"—here he hesitated for a name, and then added—"my future wife particularly wishes to see."

"Ah," said Ralph languidly, as if to express, "Pray don't suppose I take the slightest interest in that individual."

Before dinner was well over, Mr. Burneston was wanted for various directions, and soon after Ralph proposed a game at billiards, and there was no more talk of the morrow's business between the father and son that evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

ALL the fears and prognostications about colds and all the preparations in the way of wraps had been thrown away.

This October morning was as full of genial warmth and of bright sunshine as it could well be, spite of the northern climate.

"It is a capital thing, Doris darling, it's so warm and beautiful," Rica said at breakfast. "Even you would not look an angel with a red nose, and you will look angelic to-day."

Dorothy was delighted with her visitor, and quite forgot her elaborately prepared speeches in the heartiness of Rica's manner.

They dressed Doris between them, and pronounced her perfect, and then arranged themselves.

Mrs. Barugh's costume had been chosen by Miss Phillimore, and she looked so pretty and refined in her soft-colored lavender bonnet and tulle trimmings that Doris felt rejoiced. "How very well you look, mother!" she said affectionately.

The tears were in poor Dorothy's eyes as she returned her daughter's kiss.

"I'm so glad. So long as you're not ashamed of your mother, my dear, it's all right," she said with a simplicity that touched her daughter with remorse.

"Ashamed of you?—oh, mother!" But she flushed deeply as she kissed her again.

She clung to her mother this morning. She felt that she had never loved her so well, and she felt that she had been unjust and exacting. Real feeling had got uppermost with Mrs. Barugh, and she was too simple and quiet when with her daughter to be ridiculous.

Besides this, Dorothy had found a readily amused listener; she got rid of her absurdities on Rica.

"I must go and see after Miss Masham, dear," she said. "Maybe she'll want a finishing touch."

But Rica was quite ready. She wore a dark faded-leaf silk dress and a lemon-colored drawn crape bonnet, which suited her clear, dark skin.

"My word! you do look nice, Miss Masham; I'm sure you do! But if I may put a pin"—careful Dorothy's neat eyes saw at once that the round cape reaching to the waist, which finished the dress, hung a quarter of an inch lower on one side than on the other—"how do you think I look?" turning and arranging herself as she spoke—"and I'm that nervous, Miss Masham, you might blow me over. You see it is *such* an event; and that old goose of a clerk—ah, you don't know him, but it's Joseph Sunley, you'll see him by-and-by—he's been and told my husband the proper thing for the bride's father is a

large white flower—and he's going to get him a white dahlia. If you'll believe me, Miss Masham, I made Mr. Barugh a proper favor of white satin ribbon—lovely London ribbon. I feel ready to faint at the notion of seeing John coming up the aisle in a white dahlia. It's well and good for horses' ears; but the bride's father, more especially a fine man like my husband, should not be decorated like a—*a quadruped*."

She wiped her eyes, for she was really crying with vexation.

"Never mind," said Rica, with a hearty laugh, "I know what Mr. Barugh looks like, and I don't think even a white dahlia can spoil him."

"You're very kind, my dear, but still Mr. Burneston's father-in-law should be very careful of the figure he makes."

But there was no more time for talking. First a cart had to be despatched to the vicarage with Doris's luggage, and then the bride had to be carefully stowed away in the fly from the Black Eagle amid a crowd of gaping Steersley folk. Mrs. Byland was not there; she had prevailed on her husband to drive her over to Burneston an hour ago, and she was now standing amid a throng, consisting of all the population that could leave their houses, awaiting the "weddiners."

In front of the porch, in a new hat, a chocolate-colored coat and brass buttons, and pale salmon-colored trousers, stood Joseph Sunley, an enormous white dahlia fixed on the lapel of his coat.

Many earnest petitions, and many sugared whispered entreaties had been addressed to him, and had been alike refused. "Ah mun steek t' door whiles t' bride hes comed," was his constant answer. No one but himself knew that very early that morning he had let in one pretty though stormy-faced damsel filled with envy and anger and others of the seven deadly sins, and had carefully ensconced the said damsel, yclept Rose Duncombe, in a corner where, if she kept still, she was safe not to be seen.

There was plenty of joking among the expectant crowd, somewhat kept in check by the presence of a group at the churchyard gate—a group headed by Mrs. Emmett and Mr. and Mrs. Hazelgrave, who stood waiting their master's arrival with the intention of following close on his heels down the gravelled path leading to the old gabled porch. At length there was a murmur, first low, then increasing, and then ending in a note of decided disapprobation.

"Zoonds!" "Zookerins!" "Mercy!" "Zolch!" "Dash mey!" from Ephraim Crewe, and other expressive forms of wonder and blame from other bystanders.

"Dhey've ganged thra t' lahtle door!" and a groan succeeded. Then there came a gloomy silence.

It was plainly thought that the squire feared to face his people. But in another minute there rose a loud hurrah, so boisterous and prolonged that it might have been heard at the Hall itself, only that the Hall had been entirely deserted, and left to the charge of Ephraim Crewe's grandmother, a deaf, decrepit old woman.

First a rumor had spread that the vicar, Mr. Burneston, and John Barugh had come into the churchyard by the vicarage gate in the corner of the glebe field, and had gone into church through the little vestry door.

The next moment the tall, stalwart, red-whiskered man and the slenderer squire turned the corner by the tower, and came in full view of the crowded rows on each side of the gravel walk leading from the gate to the old gabled porch. John Barugh's pale grey trousers, buff satin waistcoat, and an enormous white flower in his coat, gave him a bridal appearance.

A passage was cleared for them to pass into the porch while the cheers continued lustily. The squire responded to these welcomes by several smiling bows, while the tall farmer looked on with a grim smile.

"His missis hes rigged him out as fine as a fiddle," Hezekiah Byland whispered to his wife.

"Whisht, Hezekiah!" Peggy, resplendent in a blue bonnet and a scarlet shawl, nudged him with her elbow, and glanced at Mrs. Emmett, who stood in sullen silence beside the gate. There was an ominous frown on the housekeeper's face. This unceremonious arrival of the bridegroom had completely upset her programme; it seemed to her that the first blow had been already struck at her authority.

Murmurs spread along the closely-ranged rows of expectants.

"Sheea taks her ain tahme!"

"Sheea bides ower lang!"

"Woonkers! Sheea's deein' t' laady aforehand!"

Even Joseph Sunley muttered to himself, "Shea'll nivvers keep 'im waitin'."

"Sheea bides ower lang," said Ephraim Crewe, a sworn adherent of the housekeeper's; "bud dhey'll be as proud as owd Soss is o' his tail."

Another burst of cheering brought John

Barugh and the squire to the door again; the crowd round the gate swayed, and then opened, and a tall, slim youth walked down the gravel path, bowing to the villagers first on one side, then on the other, with a gracious sweetness which made his striking likeness to his father yet more apparent.

"Hurrah fer t' yung squire!" sounded lustily from the crowd, and then Ralph Burneston also disappeared into the church.

"It's hard on t' poor lad, t' varra marro' o' his fayther." This was said by Mrs. Crewe, senior, also resplendent in a scarlet shawl. She wore on her head a large Tuscan straw bonnet trimmed outside with yellow ribbon and a large pink cambric rose, while her rosy face was set off by an abundance of pink satin bows in a blonde cap underneath.

A thin, sharp-faced woman standing next her looked up at stolid, fleshy Mrs. Crewe.

"Laws, neeaghber," she smiled with some contempt, "wheear's t' use o' makin' mouths at waat's seear an' certain? Ah knawed fower week sin 'at ther war a weddin' toward. Ah's trupped twa tahmes oop steers, an' Sukey hes seed fower craws ivvery tahme sheea's bin i' t' croft."

Mrs. Crewe was stolid, but she was also shrewd, and she eyed her next neighbor with some curiosity. It showed which way the wind blew at the vicarage, she thought, when the parson's housekeeper did not disapprove this marriage.

"Hev yey see t' lass, Missis Riccall?" she asked with some scorn.

"Neea, nut ah! Sheea's bin at t' streeat at Lunnon whiles sin sheea waaz a lahtle lass, afore ah cam to t' parsonage; she mun be bonny noo."

"Sheea'll be faded and set oop lahke her mudher," said Mrs. Crewe; "t' fayther's honest an' plain, an' seea's t' lad, bud ah cannut abide t' missis. She's crammed wiv fads an' fancies. An' noo sheea'll be fair brasted wi' pride."

Mrs. Byland had been listening eagerly to this talk, and she would have joined in at once, but Hezekiah kept her hand tightly tucked under his arm; he did not want his wife to attract the notice of his elderly cousin. But now he turned to speak to Ephraim Crewe, and Peggy got free and pushed herself close to the two talkers.

"Ah's seen t' bride," she said with importance. "Many's t' tahme, an shea's a lady ivvery bit uv her, shea'll mak a reet guid missis fer yur maister, thof he's a bit

awd for t' lahkes o' her: gin sheea'd waited a while sheea'd hev suited rarely wi' t' young maister."

Mrs. Crewe raised her head with a look of contemptuous inquiry.

"Eh bud yeh iz a stranger, ah s'pose," she said. "Maister Ralph's nut gane sixteen, an' he'll wed wi' a real lady, neane o' yur maakbelieves."

This time there was no mistaking the sound of wheels, and the squire and John Barugh both appeared at the church door. They went up to the gate, and the farmer handed out his daughter, and as Doris walked slowly, but with easy dignity, beside him the burst of admiration was irrepressible. The effect on Faith Emmett was almost maddening. Her yellow eyes blazed for an instant, and then she resolutely closed them and shut out the vision of exceeding loveliness which she felt must be all powerful before the chorus of admiring wonder met her ears.

Poor Dorothy! she need not have spent so much anxious care and pains on her own adornment. Scarcely any one had time to look at her as she followed on the squire's arm, while George conducted Miss Masham. Every eye was strained for a last look at the fair graceful girl with those liquid, far-seeing eyes and a head placed "on her shoollthers," as Benjamin Hazelgrave whispered to his wife, "lahke a queen's."

Faith heard the whisper as she walked into church, and she cursed the marriage with all her heart and soul.

A buzz of admiration went with the crowd as it followed, all but some boys and girls, who took advantage of the general gathering within the building to play hide-and-seek and leap-frog, and various forbidden games within the churchyard.

But these pastimes were soon interrupted; first one and then another of the gazers came out into the porch, anxious to secure a place for a good view of the return procession.

Mrs. Duncombe and Mrs. Crewe found themselves side by side, and the deaf woman's broad, unmeaning face was full of delight.

"Eh, neeaghber; wheea can seh t' squire hesn't made a guid choice. Deead yey ivver see t' lahke o' sik a bonny face? Mah wod! sheea is thaat."

Mrs. Crewe looked down repressively. It behoved the wife of a well-to-do farmer to keep up her dignity with a "puir awd boddy 'at hed jist eneeaf to live by."

"Sheea's weel eneeaf, bud luks is nut ivverything, Missis Duncombe, an' fahne

feathers maks fahne bods. Yey mun yaalays mind 'at foalks is strangers at Burneston. Wer kens nowt about 'em wersels. Mah lad Ephraim disn't set mich store by t' farmin 'at gaus on yon."

She nodded her head towards the gabled farmhouse which showed plainly among the scanty-leaved trees, and then she drew her stiff skirts closer, so as to make room for Ephraim, who just then issued from the porch. But Joseph Sunley came out hastily after him, and began to clear a free passage.

"Gae awa, yeh lahtle ragils, ah'll nut hev yey rampin' an' recin' whiles t' squire an' his lady coms oop t' walk."

As he spoke the congregation poured suddenly out of church, having been taken by surprise by the quick proceedings in the vestry; and before the two rows had again arranged themselves between the porch and the gate, appeared Mr. Burneston and his bride. She looked far more beautiful now, there was a slight flush on her cheeks, and a calm, bright look which spoke of secure peace.

Faith Emmett, Mrs. Crewe, and a few of their cronies sneered inwardly or muttered depreciation, but the village as a whole was taken by a *coup-de-main*, and there rose up a deafening cheer. Even Ephraim forgot his allegiance to the housekeeper as he turned a glowing face to his mother.

"Aay maari! sheea's a beauty, an' sheea moves lahke a queen."

Even Mrs. Barugh's bonnet and general appearance met with favor, and the cheers continued as the procession returned to the gate in the same order, except that Ralph Burneston stepped quietly before George and offered his arm to Rica Masham.

The bells pealed out merrily as the Hall carriage, with Mr. Burneston and Doris, drove rapidly away to the vicarage.

About an hour later the throng had reassembled at the vicarage gates to see the departure of the newly-married pair. On the previous day Mr. Sunley and Will Slater, or Slaater, as he called himself, the gardener at the Hall, had had a consultation, and it had been decided that the path leading to the carriage should be strewn with flowers.

"Wey'll hev yur lahtle lass Mary Anne Slaater," Sunley had said, "an' mah ain grandowter Prudence; they twae sal stan again t' gatepost an' fling t' blossoms efter whiles dhey rides away."

And now Will Slater was diligently strewing the gravel with white dahlias and

chrysanthemums. Joseph Sunley standing over him and pompously advising him now and then.

"Noo gang te t' gate, honies," he said to the two pretty children who stood shyly eager beside him, each with a basket of flowers, "an fling 'em wiv a will."

Another burst of cheering announced that Mr. and Mr. Burneston had appeared at the door, and as the squire, after putting his wife in the carriage, turned round to speak a hearty farewell, the little lasses, true to their instructions, sent a couple of dahlias at him with such determined goodwill that if he had not ducked his head they would have hit him hard in the face.

There was a burst of hearty laughter, and the two pretty little maids looked shamefaced and discomfited till Mr. Burneston stooped down, and patting them on the cheek while he picked up the flowers, said he would give them to Mrs. Burneston as a keepsake.

While the rest of the party were still looking after the carriage, Ralph turned to Rica Masham, to whom he had talked exclusively during the wedding breakfast.

"Do you know who that very pretty girl is who stood peeping over the edge of a pew near the vestry? I have been looking at every face in the crowd, but I can't find hers anywhere."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
MASSINGER.

IN one of the best of his occasional essays, Kingsley held a brief for the plain-tiffs in the old case of Puritans *versus* playwrights. The litigation in which this case represents a minor issue has lasted for a period far exceeding that of the most pertinacious lawsuit, and is not likely to come to an end within any assignable limits of time. When the discussion is pressed home, it is seen to involve fundamentally different conceptions of human life and its purposes; and it can only cease when we have discovered the grounds of a permanent conciliation between the ethical and the æsthetic elements of human nature. The narrower controversy between the stage and the Church has itself a long history. It has left some curious marks upon English literature. The prejudice which uttered itself through the Puritan Prynne was inherited, in a later generation, by the High-Churchmen Collier and William Law. The attack,

it is true, may be intentionally directed—as in Kingsley's essay—against the abuse of the stage rather than against the stage itself. Kingsley pays the usual tribute to Shakespeare whilst denouncing the whole literature of which Shakespeare's dramas are the most conspicuous product. But then, everybody always distinguishes in terms between the use and the abuse; and the line of demarcation generally turns out to be singularly fluctuating and uncertain. You can hardly demolish Beaumont and Fletcher without bringing down some of the outlying pinnacles, if not shaking the very foundations of the temple sacred to Shakespeare.

It would be regrettable, could one stop to regret the one-sided and illogical construction of the human mind, that a fair judgment in such matters seems to require incompatible qualities. Your impartial critic or historian is generally a man who leaves out of account nothing but the essential. His impartiality means sympathy with the commonplace and incapacity for understanding heroic faith and overpowering enthusiasm. He fancies that a man or a book can be judged by balancing a list of virtues and vices as if they were separate entities lying side by side in a box, instead of different aspects of a vital force. On the other hand, the vivid imagination which restores dead bones to life makes its possessor a partisan in extinct quarrels, and as short-sighted and unfair a partisan as the original actors. Round-heads and Cavaliers have been dead these two centuries.

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;
Dreamfooted as the shadow of a cloud
They flit across the ear.

Yet few even amongst modern writers are capable of doing justice to both sides without first making both sides colorless. Hallam judges men in the throes of a revolution as though they were parties in a law-suit to be decided by precedents and parchments, and Mr. Carlyle cannot appreciate Cromwell's magnificent force of character without making him all but infallible and impeccable. Critics of the early drama are equally one-sided. The exquisite literary faculty of Charles Lamb revelled in detecting beauties which had been covered with the dust of oblivion during the reign of Pope. His appreciation was intensified by that charm of discovery which finds its typical utterance in Keats's famous sonnet. He was scarcely a more impartial judge of Fletcher or Ford than "stout Cortes" of the new world revealed

by his enterprise. We may willingly defer to his judgment of the relative value of the writers whom he discusses, but we must qualify his judgment of their intrinsic excellence by the recollection that he speaks as a lover. To him and other unqualified admirers of the old drama the Puritanical onslaught upon the stage presented itself as the advent of a gloomy superstition, ruthlessly stamping out all that was beautiful in art and literature. Kingsley, an admirable hater, could perceive only the opposite aspect of the phenomena. To him the Puritan protest appears as the voice of the enlightened conscience; the revolution means the troubling of the turbid waters at the descent of the angel; Prynne's "Histriomastix" is the blast of the trumpet at which the rotten and polluted walls of Jericho are to crumble into dust. The stage, which represented the tone of aristocratic society, rightfully perished with the order which it flattered. Courtiers had learned to indulge in a cynical mockery of virtue, or found an unholy attraction in the accumulation of extravagant horrors. The English drama, in short, was one of those evil growths which are fostered by deeply-seated social corruption, and are killed off by the breath of a purer air. That such phenomena occur at times is undeniable. Mr. Symonds has recently shown us in his history of the Renaissance, how the Italian literature, to which our English dramatists owed so many suggestions, was the natural fruit of a society poisoned at the roots. Nor, when we have shaken off that spirit of slavish adulation in which modern antiquarians and critics have regarded the so-called Elizabethan dramatists, can we deny that there are symptoms of a similar mischief in their writings. Some of the most authoritative testimonials have a suspicious element. Praise has been lavished upon the most questionable characteristics of the old drama. Apologists have been found, not merely for its daring portrayal of human passion, but for its wanton delight in the grotesque and the horrible for its own sake; and some critics have revenged themselves for the straitlaced censures of Puritan morality by praising work in which the author strives to atone for imaginative weakness by a choice of revolting motives. Such adulation ought to have disappeared with the first fervor of rehabilitation. Much that has been praised in the old drama is rubbish, and some of it disgusting rubbish.

The question, however, remains, how far we ought to adopt either view of the

situation? Are we bound to cast aside the later dramas of the school as simply products of corruption? It may be of interest to consider the light thrown upon this question by the works of Massinger, nearly the last of the writers who can really claim a permanent position in literature. Massinger, born in 1584, died in 1639. His surviving works were composed, with one exception, after 1620. They represent, therefore, the tastes of the play-going classes during the rapid development of the great struggle which culminated in the rebellion. In a literary sense it is the period when the imaginative impulse represented by the great dramatists was running low. It is curious to reflect that, if Shakespeare had lived out his legitimate allowance of threescore years and ten, he might have witnessed the production, not only of the first but nearly all the best works of his school; had his life been prolonged for ten years more, he would have witnessed its final extinction. Within these narrow limits of time the drama had undergone a change corresponding to the change in the national mood. The difference, for example, between Marlowe and Massinger at the opening and the close of the period—though their births were separated by only twenty years—corresponds to the difference between the temper of the generation which repelled the Armada and the temper of the generation which fretted under the rule of the first Stuarts. The misnomer of Elizabethan as applied to the whole school indicates an implicit perception that its greater achievements were due to the same impulse which took for its outward and visible symbol the name of the great queen. But it has led also to writers being too summarily classed together who really represent very different phases in a remarkable evolution. After making all allowances for personal idiosyncrasies, we can still see how profoundly the work of Massinger is colored by the predominant sentiment of the later epoch.

As little is known of Massinger's life as of the lives of most of the contemporary dramatists who had the good or ill fortune to be born before the days of the modern biographical mania. It is known that he, like most of his brethren, suffered grievously from impecuniosity; and he records in one of his dedications his obligations to a patron without whose bounty he would for many years have "but faintly subsisted." His father had been employed by Henry, Earl of Pembroke; but Massinger, though acknowledging a certain debt of

gratitude to the Herbert family, can hardly have received from them any effective patronage. Whatever their relations may have been, it has been pointed out by Mr. Rawson Gardiner* that Massinger probably sympathized with the political views represented by the two sons of his father's patron who were successively Earls of Pembroke during the reigns of the first James and Charles. On two occasions he got into trouble with the licenser for attacks, real or supposed, upon the policy of the government. More than one of his plays contain, according to Mr. Gardiner, references to the politics of the day as distinct as those conveyed by a cartoon in *Punch*. The general result of his argument is to show that Massinger sympathized with the views of an aristocratic party who looked with suspicion upon the despotic tendencies of Charles's government, and thought that they could manage refractory Parliaments by adopting a more spirited foreign policy. Though in reality weak and selfish enough, they affected to protest against the materializing and oppressive policy of the extreme royalists. How far these views represented any genuine conviction, and how far Massinger's adhesion implied a complete sympathy with them, or might indicate that kind of delusion which often leads a mere literary observer to see a lofty intention in the schemes of a selfish politician, are questions which I am incompetent to discuss and which obviously do not admit of a decided answer. They confirm, as far as they go, the general impression as to Massinger's point of view which we should derive from his writings without special interpretation. Shakespeare, says Coleridge, gives "the permanent politics of human nature" (whatever they may be!), "and the only predilection which appears shows itself in his contempt of mobs and the populace. Massinger is a decided Whig; Beaumont and Fletcher high-flying, passive-obedience Tories." The author of "*Coriolanus*" one would be disposed to say, showed himself a thoroughgoing aristocrat, though in an age when the popular voice had not yet given utterance to systematic political discontent. He was still a stranger to the sentiments symptomatic of an approaching revolution, and has not explicitly pronounced upon issues hardly revealed even to

the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming of things to come.

* *Contemporary Review* for August 1876.

The sense of national unity evolved in the great struggle with Spain had not yet been lost in the discord of the rising generation. The other classifications may be accepted with less reserve. The dramatists represented the views of their patrons. The drama reflected in the main the sentiments of an aristocratic class alarmed by the growing vigor of the Puritanical citizens. Fletcher is, as Coleridge says, a thoroughgoing Tory; his sentiments in "*Valentinian*" are, to follow the same guidance, so "very slavish and reptile" that it is a trial of charity to read them. Nor can we quite share Coleridge's rather odd surprise that they should emanate from the son of a bishop, and that the duty to God should be the supposed basis. A servile bishop in those days was not a contradiction in terms, and still less a servile son of a bishop; and it must surely be admitted that the theory of divine right may lead, however illogically, to reptile sentiments. The difference between Fletcher and Massinger, who were occasional collaborators and apparently close friends (Massinger, it is said, was buried in Fletcher's grave), was probably due to difference of temperament as much as to the character of Massinger's family connection. Massinger's melancholy is as marked as the buoyant gaiety of his friend and ally. He naturally represents the misgivings which must have beset the more thoughtful members of his party, as Fletcher represented the careless vivacity of the Cavalier spirit. Massinger is given to expatiating upon the text that

subjects' lives
Are not their prince's tennis-balls, to be ban-
died
In sport away.

The high-minded Pulcheria, in "*The Emperor of the East*," administers a bitter reproof to a slavish "projector" who

Roars out,
All is the king's, his will above the laws;
who whispers in his ear that nobody
should bring a salad from his garden with-
out paying "gabel" or kill a hen without
excise; who suggests that, if a prince
wants a sum of money, he may make
impossible demands from a city and exact
arbitrary fines for its non-performance.

Is this the way
To make our emperor happy? Can the groans
Of his subjects yield him music? Must his
thresholds
Be wash'd with widows' and wrong'd orphans'
tears,
Or his power grow contemptible?

Mr. Gardiner tells us that at the time at which these lines were written they need not have been taken as referring to Charles. But the vein of sentiment which often occurs elsewhere is equally significant of Massinger's view of the political situation of the time. We see what were the topics that were beginning to occupy men's minds.

Dryden made the remark, often quoted for purposes of indignant reprobation by modern critics, that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of gentleman much better" (than Shakespeare); "whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet can ever paint as they did." It is, of course, easy enough to reply that in the true sense of the word "gentleman" Shakespeare's heroes are incomparably superior to those of his successors; but then this is just the sense in which Dryden did not use the word. His real meaning indicates a very sound piece of historical criticism. Fletcher describes a new social type; the "king's young courtier," who is deserting the good old ways of his father, the "old courtier of the queen." The change is but one step in that continuous process which has substituted the modern gentleman for the old feudal noble; but the step taken at that period was great and significant. The chivalrous type, represented in Sidney's life and Spenser's poetry, is beginning to be old-fashioned and out of place as the industrial elements of society become more prominent. The aristocrat in the rising generation finds that his occupation is going. He takes to those "wild debaucheries" which Dryden oddly reckons among the attributes of a true gentleman; and learns the art of "quick repartee" in the courtly society which has time enough on its hands to make a business of amusement. The euphuism and allied affectations of the earlier generation had a certain grace, as the external clothing of a serious chivalrous sentiment; but it is rapidly passing into a silly coxcombry to be crushed by Puritanism or snuffed out by the worldly cynicism of the new generation. Shakespeare's Henry or Romeo may indulge in wild freaks or abandon themselves to the intense passions of vigorous youth; but they will settle down into good statesmen and warriors as they grow older. Their love-making is a phase in their development, not the business of their lives. Fletcher's heroes seem to be not only occupied for the moment, but to make a permanent profession of what with their predecessors was a passing phase of

youthful ebullience. It is true that we have still a long step to make before we sink to the mere *roué*, the shameless scapegrace and cynical man about town of the restoration. To make a Wycherley you must distil all the poetry out of a Fletcher. Fletcher is a true poet; and the graceful sentiment, though mixed with a coarse alloy, still repels that unmitigated grossness which, according to Burke's famous aphorism, is responsible for half the evil of vice. He is still alive to generous and tender emotions, though it can scarcely be said that his morality has much substance in it. It is a sentiment, not a conviction, and covers without quenching many ugly and brutal emotions.

In Fletcher's wild gallants, still adorned by a touch of the chivalrous; reckless, immoral, but scarcely cynical; not sceptical as to the existence of virtue, but only admitting morality by way of parenthesis to the habitual current of their thoughts, we recognize the kind of stuff from which to frame the Cavaliers who will follow Rupert and be crushed by Cromwell. A characteristic sentiment which occurs constantly in the drama of the period represents the soldier out of work. We are incessantly treated to lamentations upon the ingratitude of the comfortable citizens who care nothing for the men to whom they owed their security. The political history of the times explains the popularity of such complaints. Englishmen were fretting under their enforced abstinence from the exciting struggles on the Continent. There was no want of Dugald Dalgettys returning from the wars to afford models for the military braggart or the bluff, honest soldier, both of whom go swaggering through so many of the plays of the time. Clarendon in his "Life" speaks of the temptations which beset him from mixing with the military society of the time. There was a large and increasing class, no longer finding occupation in fighting Spaniards and searching for Eldorado, and consequently, in the Yankee phrase, "spoiling for a fight." When the time comes, they will be ready enough to fight gallantly and to show an utter incapacity for serious discipline. They will meet the citizens, whom they have mocked so merrily, and find that reckless courage and spasmodic chivalry do not exhaust the qualifications for military success.

Massinger represents a different turn of sentiment which would be encouraged in their minds by the same social conditions. Instead of abandoning himself frankly to the stream of youthful sentiment, he feels

that it has a dangerous aspect. The shadow of coming evils was already dark enough to suggest various forebodings. But he is also a moralizer by temperament. Mr. Ward says that his strength is owing in a great degree to his appreciation of the great moral forces; and the remark is only a confirmation of the judgment of most of his critics. It is, of course, not merely that he is fond of adding little moral tags of questionable applicability to the end of his plays. "We are taught," he says in "The Fatal Dowry,"

By this sad precedent, how just soever
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We are yet to leave them to their will and
power
That to that purpose have authority.

But it is, to say the least, doubtful whether anybody would have that judicious doctrine much impressed upon him by seeing the play itself. Nor can one rely much upon the elaborate and very eloquent defence of his art in "The Roman Actor." Paris, the actor, sets forth very vigorously that the stage tends to lay bare the snares to which youth is exposed and to inflame a noble ambition by example. If the discharge of such a function deserves reward from the commonwealth —

Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers;
They with cold precepts — perhaps seldom
read —

Deliver what an honorable thing
The active virtue is; but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented in our theatres?

Massinger goes on to show, after the fashion of Jaques in "As You Like It," that the man who chooses to put on the cap is responsible for the application of the satire. He had good reasons, as we have seen, for feeling sensitive as to misunderstandings — or, rather, too thorough understandings — of this kind.

To some dramatists of the time, who should put forward such a plea, one would be inclined to answer in the sensible words of old Fuller. "Two things," he says, "are set forth to us in stage plays; some grave sentences, prudent counsels, and punishment of vicious examples: and with these desperate oaths, lustful talk, and riotous acts, are so personated to the life, that wantons are tickled with delight, and feed their palates upon them. It seems the goodness is not portrayed with equal accents of liveliness as the wicked things are; otherwise men would be deterred

from vicious courses, with seeing the woful success which follows them" — a result scarcely to be claimed by the actors of the day. Massinger, however, shows more moral feeling than is expended in providing sentiments to be tacked on as an external appendage, or satisfied by an obedience to the demands of poetic justice. He is not content with knocking his villains on the head — a practice in which he, like his contemporaries, indulges with only too much complacency. The idea which underlies most of his plays is a struggle of virtue assailed by external or inward temptations. He is interested by the ethical problems introduced in the play of conflicting passions, and never more eloquent than in uttering the emotions of militant or triumphant virtue. His view of life indeed is not only grave, but has a distinct religious coloring. From various indications, it is probable that he was a Roman Catholic. Some of these are grotesque enough. "The Renegado" for example, not only shows that Massinger was, for dramatic purposes at least, an ardent believer in baptismal regeneration, but includes — what one would scarcely have sought in such a place — a discussion as to the validity of lay baptism. The first of his surviving plays, "The Virgin Martyr" (in which he was assisted by Dekker) is simply a dramatic version of an ecclesiastical legend. Though it seems to have been popular at the time, the modern reader will probably think that, in this case at least, the religious element is a little out of place. An angel and a devil take an active part in the performance; miracles are worked on the stage; the unbelievers are so shockingly wicked, and the Christians so obtrusively good, that we — the worldly-minded — are sensible of a little recalcitration, unless we are disarmed by the simplicity of the whole performance. Religious tracts of all ages and in all forms are apt to produce this ambiguous effect. Unless we are quite in harmony with their assumptions, we feel that they deal too much in conventional rose-color. The angelic and diabolic elements are not so clearly discriminated in this world, and should show themselves less unequivocally on the stage, which ought to be its mirror. An audience in the state of mind which generates the true miracle-play might justify such an embodiment of its sentiment. But when forcibly transplanted to the Jacobean stage, we feel that the performance has not the simple earnestness by which alone it can be justified. The sentiment has a certain

unreality, and the *naïveté* suggests affectation. The implied belief is got up for the moment and has a hollow ring. And therefore, the whole work, in spite of some eloquence, is nothing better than a curiosity, as an attempt at the assimilation of a heterogeneous form of art.

A similar vein of sentiment, though not showing itself in so undiluted a form, runs through most of Massinger's plays. He is throughout a sentimentalist and a rhetorician. He is not, like the greatest men, dominated by thoughts and emotions which force him to give them external embodiment in lifelike symbols. He is rather a man of much real feeling and extraordinary facility of utterance, who finds in his stories convenient occasions for indulging in elaborate didactic utterances upon moral topics. It is probably this comparative weakness of the higher imaginative faculty which makes Lamb speak of him rather disparagingly. He is too self-conscious and too anxious to enforce downright moral sentiments to satisfy a critic by whom spontaneous force and direct insight were rightly regarded as the highest poetic qualities. A single touch in Shakespeare, or even in Webster or Ford, often reveals more depth of feeling than a whole scene of Massinger's facile and often deliberately forsenic eloquence. His temperament is indicated by the peculiarities of his style. It is, as Coleridge says, poetry differentiated by the smallest possible degree from prose. The greatest artists of blank verse have so complete a mastery of their language that it is felt as a fibre which runs through and everywhere strengthens the harmony, and is yet in complete subordination to the sentiment. With a writer of the second order, such as Fletcher, the metre becomes more prominent, and at times produces a kind of monotonous sing-song, which begins to remind us unpleasantly of the still more artificial tone characteristic of the rhymed tragedies of the next generation. Massinger diverges in the opposite direction. The metre is felt enough and only just enough to give a more stately step to rather florid prose. It is one of his marks that a line frequently ends by some insignificant "of" or "from," so as to exclude the briefest possible pause in reading. Thus, to take an example pretty much at random, the following instance might be easily read without observing that it was blank verse at all:—

"Your brave achievements in the war, and what you did for me, unspoken, because I would not force the sweetness of your modesty to a blush, are written here;

and that there might be nothing wanting to sum up my numerous engagements (never in my hopes to be cancelled), the great duke, our mortal enemy, when my father's country lay open to his fury and the spoil of the victorious army, and I brought into his power, hath shown himself so noble, so full of honor, temperance, and all virtues that can set off a prince; that, though I cannot render him that respect I would, I am bound in thankfulness to admire him."

Such a style is suitable to a man whose moods do not often hurry him into impetuous, or vivacious, or epigrammatic utterance. As the Persian poet says of his country: his warmth is not heat and his coolness is not cold. He flows on in a quiet current, never breaking into foam or fury, but vigorous, and invariably lucid. As a pleader before a law-court—the character in which, as Mr. Ward observes, he has a peculiar fondness for presenting himself—he would carry his audience along with him, but scarcely hold them in spellbound astonishment or hurry them into fits of excitement. Melancholy resignation, or dignified dissatisfaction will find in him a powerful exponent, but scarcely despair, or love, or hatred, or any social phase of pure unqualified passion.

The natural field for the display of such qualities is the romantic drama, which Massinger took from the hands of Beaumont and Fletcher, and endowed with greater dignity and less poetic fervor. For the vigorous comedy of real life, as Jonson understood it, he has simply no capacity; and in his rare attempts at humor, succeeds only in being at once dull and dirty. His stage is generally occupied with dignified lords and ladies, professing the most chivalrous sentiments, which are occasionally too highflown and overstrained to be thoroughly effective, but which are yet uttered with sufficient sincerity. They are not mere hollow pretences, consciously adopted to conceal base motives; but one feels the want of an occasional infusion of the bracing air of common sense. It is the voice of a society still inspired with the traditional sentiments of honor and self-respect, but a little afraid of contact with the rough realities of life. Its chivalry is a survival from a past epoch, not a spontaneous outgrowth of the most vital elements of contemporary development. In another generation, such a tone will be adopted by a conscious and deliberate artifice, and be reflected in mere theatrical rant. In the past, it was the natural expression of a

high-spirited race, full of self-confidence and pride in its own vigorous audacity. In this transitional period it has a certain hectic flush, symptomatic of approaching decay; anxious to give a wide berth to realities, and most at home in the borderland where dreams are only half dispelled by the light of common day. "Don Quixote" had sounded the knell of the old romance, but something of the old spirit still lingers, and can tinge with an interest, not yet wholly artificial, the lives and passions of beings who are thus hovering on the outskirts of the living world. The situations most characteristic of Massinger's tendency are in harmony with this tone of sentiment. They are romances taken from a considerable variety of sources, developed in a clearly connected series of scenes. They are wanting in the imaginative unity of the great plays, which show that a true poet has been profoundly moved by some profound thought embodied in a typical situation. He does not, like Shakespeare, seize his subject by the heart, because it has first fascinated his imagination; nor, on the other hand, have we that bewildering complexity of motives and intricacy of plot which shows at best a lawless and wandering fancy; and which often fairly puzzles us in many English plays, and enforces frequent reference to the list of personages in order to disentangle the crossing threads of the action. The plays are a gradual unravelling of a series of incidents, each following intelligibly from the preceding situation, and suggestive of many eloquent observations, though not developments of one master thought. We often feel that, if external circumstances had been propitious, he would have expressed himself more naturally in the form of a prose romance than in a drama. Nor, again, does he often indulge in those exciting and horrible situations which possessed such charms for his contemporaries. There are occasions, it is true, in which this element is not wanting. In "The Unnatural Combat," for example, we have a father killing his son in a duel, by the end of the second act; and when, after a succession of horrors of the worst kind, we are treated to a ghost, "full of wounds, leading in the shadow of a lady, her face leprous," and the worst criminal is killed by a flash of lightning, we feel that we were fully entitled to such a catastrophe. We can only say, in Massinger's words, —

May we make use of
This great example, and learn from it that

There cannot be a want of power above
To punish murder and unlawful love!

"The Duke of Milan," again, culminates with a horrible scene, rivalling, though with less power, the grotesque horrors of Webster's "Duchess of Malfi." Other instances might be given of concessions to that blood-and-thunder style of dramatic writing for which our ancestors had a never-failing appetite. But, as a rule, Massinger inclines, as far as contemporary writers will allow him, to the side of mercy. Instead of using slaughter so freely that a new set of actors has to be introduced to bury the old — a misfortune which sometimes occurs in the plays of the time — he generally tends to a happy solution, and is disposed not only to dismiss his virtuous characters to felicity, but even to make his villains virtuous. We have not been excited to that pitch at which our passions can only be harmonized by an effusion of blood, and a mild solution is sufficient for the calmer feelings which have been aroused.

This tendency illustrates Massinger's conception of life in another sense. Nothing is more striking in the early stage than the vigor of character of most of these heroes. Individual character, as it is said, takes the place in the modern of fate in the ancient drama. Every man is run in a mould of iron, and may break, but cannot bend. The fitting prologue to the whole literature is provided by Marlowe's Tamburlaine, with his superhuman audacity, and vast bombastic rants, the incarnation of a towering ambition which scorns all laws but its own devouring passion. Faustus, braving all penalties, human and divine, is another variety of the same type; and when we have to do with a weak character like Edward II., we feel that it is his natural destination to be confined in a loathsome dungeon, with mouldy bread to eat and ditch-water to drink. The world is for the daring; and though daring may be pushed to excess, weakness is the one unpardonable offence. A thoroughgoing villain is better than a trembling saint. If Shakespeare's instinctive taste revealed the absurdity of the bombastic exaggeration of such tendencies, his characters are equally unbending. His villains die, like Macbeth and Iago, with their teeth set, and scorn even a deathbed repentance. Hamlet exhibits the unfitness for a world of action of the man who is foolish enough to see two sides to every question. So again, Chapman, the writer who in fulness and fire of thought approaches most nearly to Shakespeare, is

an ardent worshipper of pure energy of character. His Bussy d'Ambois cannot be turned from his purpose even by the warnings of the ghost of his accomplice, and a mysterious spirit summoned expressly to give advice. An admirably vigorous phrase from one of the many declamations of his hero Byron—another representative of the same haughty strength of will—gives his theory of character:—

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sail filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.

Pure, undiluted energy, stern force of will, delight in danger for its own sake, contempt for all laws but the self-imposed, those are the cardinal virtues and challenge our sympathy even when they lead their possessor to destruction. The psychology implied in Jonson's treating of "humor" is another phase of the same sentiment. The side by which energetic characters lend themselves to comedy is the exaggeration of some special trait which determines their course as tyrannically as ambition governs the character suited for tragedy.

When we turn to Massinger, this boundless vigor has disappeared. The blood has grown cool. The tyrant no longer forces us to admiration by the fullness of his vitality, and the magnificence of his contempt for law. Whether for good or bad, he is comparatively a poor creature. He has developed an uneasy conscience, and even whilst affecting to defy the law, trembles at the thought of an approaching retribution. His boasts have a shrill, querulous note in them. His creator does not fully sympathize with his passion. Massinger cannot throw himself into the situation; and is anxious to dwell upon the obvious moral considerations which prove such characters to be decidedly inconvenient members of society for their tamer neighbors. He is of course the more in accordance with a correct code of morality, but fails correspondingly in dramatic force and brilliance of color. To exhibit a villain truly, even to enable us to realize the true depth of his villainy, one must be able for a moment to share his point of view, and therefore to understand the true law of his being. It is a very sound rule in the conduct of life, that we should not sympathize with scoundrels. But the morality of the poet, as of the scientific psychologist, is founded

upon the unflinching veracity which sets forth all motives with absolute impartiality. Some sort of provisional sympathy with the wicked there must be, or they become mere impossible monsters or the conventional scarecrows of improving tracts.

This is Massinger's weakest side. His villains want backbone, and his heroes are deficient in simple overmastering passion, or supplement their motives by some overstrained and unnatural crotchet. Impulsiveness takes the place of vigor, and indicates the want of a vigorous grasp of the situation. Thus, for example, "The Duke of Milan," which is certainly amongst the more impressive of Massinger's plays, may be described as a variation upon the theme of "Othello." To measure the work of any other writer by its relation to that masterpiece is, of course, to apply a test of undue severity. Of comparison, properly speaking, there can be no question. The similarity of the situation, however, may bring out Massinger's characteristics. The duke, who takes the place of Othello, is, like his prototype, a brave soldier. The most spirited and effective passage in the play is the scene in which he is brought as a prisoner before Charles V., and not only extorts the admiration of his conqueror, but wins his liberty by a dignified avowal of his previous hostility, and avoidance of any base compliance. The duke shows himself to be a high-minded gentleman, and we are so far prepared to sympathize with him when exposed to the wiles of Francisco—the Iago of the piece. But unfortunately the scene is not merely a digression in a constructive sense, but involves a psychological inconsistency. The gallant soldier contrives to make himself thoroughly contemptible. He is represented as excessively uxorious, and his passion takes the very disagreeable turn of posthumous jealousy. He has instructed Francisco to murder the wife whom he adores in case of his own death during the war, and thus to make sure that she could not marry anybody else. On his return, the wife, who has been informed by the treachery of Francisco of this pleasant arrangement, is naturally rather cool to him; whereupon he flies into a rage and swears that he will

never think of curs'd Marcellia more.

His affection returns in another scene, but only in order to increase his jealousy, and on hearing Francisco's slander he proceeds to stab his wife out of hand. It is the action of a weak man in a passion,

not of a noble nature tortured to madness. Finding out his mistake, he of course repents again, and expresses himself with a good deal of eloquence which would be more effective if we could forget the overpowering pathos of the parallel scene in "Othello." Much sympathy, however, is impossible for a man whose whole conduct is so flighty, and so obviously determined by the immediate demands of successive situations of the play, and not the varying manifestation of a powerfully conceived character. Francisco is a more coherent villain, and an objection made by Hazlitt to his apparent want of motive is at least equally valid against Iago; but he is of course but a diluted version of that superlative villain, as Marcelia is a rather priggish and infinitely less tender Desdemona. The failure, however, of the central figure to exhibit any fixity of character is the real weakness of the play; and the horrors of the last scene fail to atone for the want of the vivid style which reveals an "intense and gloomy mind."

This kind of versatility and impulsiveness of character is revealed by the curious convertibility—if one may use the word—of his characters. They are the very reverse of the men of iron of the previous generation. They change their state of mind as easily as the characters of his contemporary drama put on disguises. We are often amazed at the simplicity which enables a whole family to accept the brother and father to whom they have been speaking ten minutes before as an entire stranger, because he has changed his coat or talks broken English. The audience must have been easily satisfied in such cases; but it requires almost equal simplicity to accept some of Massinger's transformations. In such a play as "The Virgin Martyr," a religious conversion is a natural part of the scheme. Nor need we be surprised at the amazing facility with which a fair Mahomedan is converted in "The Renegade" by the summary assertion that the "juggling prophet" is a cheat and taught a pigeon to feed in his ear. Can there be strength, it is added, in that religion which allows us to fear death? "This is unanswerable," exclaims the lady, "and there is something tells me I err in my opinion." This is almost as good as the sudden thought of swearing eternal friendship. The hardened villain of the first act in the same play falls into despair in the third, and, with the help of an admirable Jesuit, becomes a most useful and exemplary convert by the fifth. But

such catastrophes may be regarded as more or less miraculous. The versatility of character is more singular when religious conversions are not in question. "I am certain," says Philanax in "The Emperor of the East"—

A prince so soon in his disposition altered
Was never heard nor read of.

That proves that Philanax was not familiar with Massinger's plays. The disposition of princes and of subjects is there constantly altered with the most satisfactory result. It is not merely that, as often happens elsewhere, the villains are summarily forced to repent at the end of a play, like Angelo in "Measure for Measure," in order to allow the curtain to fall upon a prospect of happiness. Such forced catastrophes are common, if clumsy enough. But there is something malleable in the very constitution of Massinger's characters. They repent half way through the performance, and see the error of their ways with a facility which we could wish to be imitated in common life. The truth seems to be that Massinger is subject to an illusion natural enough to a man who is more of the rhetorician than the seer. He fancies that eloquence must be irresistible. He takes the change of mood produced by an elevated appeal to the feelings for a change of character. Thus, for example, in "The Picture"—a characteristic, though not a very successful play—we have a story founded upon the temptations of a separated husband and wife. The husband carries with him a magical picture, which grows dark or bright according to the behavior of the wife, whom it represents. The husband is tempted to infidelity by a queen, herself spoilt by the flatteries of an uxorious husband; and the wife by a couple of courtiers, who have all the vices of Fletcher's worst heroes without any of their attractions. The interest of the play, such as it is, depends upon the varying moods of the chief actors, who become so eloquent under a sense of wrong or a reflection upon the charms of virtue, that they approach the bounds of vice, and then gravitate back to respectability. Everybody becomes perfectly respectable before the end of the play is reached, and we are to suppose that they will remain respectable ever afterwards. They avoid tragic results by their want of the overmastering passions which lead to great crimes or noble actions. They are really eloquent, but even more moved by their eloquence than the spectators can be. They form the kind of

audience which would be most flattering to an able preacher, but in which a wise preacher would put little confidence. And, therefore, besides the fanciful incident of the picture, they give us an impression of unreality. They have no rich blood in their veins; and are little better than lay figures taking up positions as it may happen, in order to form an effective tableau illustrative of an unexceptionable moral.

There is, it is true, one remarkable exception to the general weakness of Massinger's characters. The vigor with which Sir Giles Overreach is set forth has made him the one well-known figure in Massinger's gallery, and the "New Way to Pay Old Debts" showed in consequence more vitality than any of his other plays. Much praise has been given, and rightly enough, to the originality and force of the conception. The conventional miser is elevated into a great man by a kind of inverse heroism, and made terrible instead of contemptible. But it is equally plain that here, too, Massinger fails to project himself fairly into his villain. His rants are singularly forcible, but they are clearly what other people would think about him, not what he would really think, still less what he would say, of himself. Take, for example, the very fine speech in which he replies to the question of the virtuous nobleman, whether he is not frightened by the imprecations of his victims:—

Yes, as rocks are

When foaming billows split themselves against
Their flinty sides; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her
brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course; with mine own
sword,

If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmur at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness, as when they call
me

Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my neighbor's rights, or grand incloser
Of what was common to my private use,
Nay when my ears are pierced with widows'
cries,

And undone orphans wash with tears my
threshold,

I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible to remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Put this into the third person; read
"he" for "I" and "his" for "my," and
it is an admirable bit of denunciation of a
character probably intended as a copy
from life. It is a description of a wicked

man from outside; and wickedness seen from outside is generally unreasonable and preposterous. When it is converted, by simple alteration of pronouns, into the villain's own account of himself, the internal logic which serves as a pretext disappears, and he becomes a mere monster. It is for this reason that, as Hazlitt says, Massinger's villains—and he was probably thinking especially of Overreach and Luke in "A City Madam"—appear like drunkards or madmen. His plays are apt to be a continuous declamation, cut up into fragments, and assigned to the different actors; and the essential unfitness of such a method of dramatic requirements needs no elaborate demonstration. The villains will have to denounce themselves, and will be ready to undergo conversion at a moment's notice in order to spout openly on behalf of virtue as vigorously as they have spouted in transparent disguise on behalf of vice.

There is another consequence of Massinger's romantic tendency, which is more pleasing. The chivalrous ideal of morality involves a reverence for women, which may be exaggerated or affected, but which has at least a genuine element in it. The women on the earlier stage have comparatively a bad time of it amongst their energetic companions. Shakespeare's women are undoubtedly most admirable and lovable creatures; but they are content to take a subordinate part, and their highest virtue generally includes entire submission to the will of their lords and masters. Some, indeed, have an abundant share of the masculine temperament, like Cleopatra or Lady Macbeth; but then they are by no means model characters. Iago's description of the model woman is a cynical version of the true Shakespearian theory. Women's true sphere, according to him, or according to the modern slang, is domestic life; and, if circumstances force a Cordelia, an Imogen, a Rosalind, or a Viola, to take a more active share in life, they take good care to let us know that they have a woman's heart under their male dress. The weaker characters in Massinger give a higher place to women, and justify it by a sentiment of chivalrous devotion. The excess, indeed, of such submissiveness is often satirized. In "The Roman Actor," "The Emperor of the East," "The Duke of Milan," "The Picture," and elsewhere, we have various phases of uxorious weakness, which suggest possible application to the court of Charles I. Elsewhere, as in "The Maid of Honor" and "The Bashful Lover," we

are called upon to sympathize with manifestations of a highflown devotion to feminine excellence. Thus, the bashful lover, who is the hero of one of his characteristic dramatic romances, is a gentleman who thinks himself scarcely worthy to touch his mistress's shoestring; on the sight of her exclaims, —

As Moors salute

The rising sun with joyful superstition,
I could fall down and worship. — O my heart!
Like Phæbe breaking through an envious
cloud,

Or something which no simile can express,
She shows to me; a reverent fear, but blended
With wonder and astonishment, does possess
me.

When she condescends to speak to him, the utmost that he dares to ask is liberty to look at her, and he protests that he would never aspire to any higher privilege. It is gratifying to add that he follows her through many startling vicissitudes of fortunes in a spirit worthy of this exordium, and of course is finally persuaded that he may allow himself a nearer approach to his goddess. The maid of honor has two lovers who accept a rather similar position. One of them is unlucky enough to be always making mischief by well-meant efforts to forward her interest. He, poor man, is rather ignominiously paid off in downright cash at the end of the piece. His more favored rival listens to the offers of a rival duchess, and ends by falling between two stools. He resigns himself to the career of a knight of Malta, whilst the maid of honor herself retires into a convent. Mr. Gardiner compares this catastrophe unfavorably with that of "Measure for Measure," and holds that it is better for a lady to marry a duke than to give up the world as, on the whole, a bad business. A discussion of that question would involve some difficult problems. If, however, Isabella is better provided for by Shakespeare than Camiola, "the maid of honor," by Massinger, we must surely agree that the maid of honor has the advantage of poor Mariana, whose reunion with her hypocritical husband certainly strikes one as a questionable advantage. Her fate seems to intimate that marriage with a hypocritical tyrant ought to be regarded as better than no marriage at all. Massinger's solution is at any rate in harmony with the general tone of chivalrous sentiment. A woman who has been placed upon a pinnacle by overstrained devotion cannot, consistently with her dignity, console herself like an ordinary creature of flesh and blood. When her worshippers

turn unfaithful she must not look out for others. She may permit herself for once to return the affection of a worthy lover; but, when he fails, she must not condescend again to love. That would be to admit that love was a necessity of her life, not a special act of favor for some exceptional proofs of worthiness. Given the general tone of sentiment, I confess that, to my taste, Massinger's solution has the merit, not only of originality, but of harmony. It may, of course, be held that a jilted lady should, in a perfect healthy state of society, have some other alternative besides a convent or an unworthy marriage. Some people, for example, may hold that she should be able to take to active life as a lawyer or a professor of medicine; or they may hold that love ought not to hold so prominent part even in a woman's life, that disappointed passion should involve, as a necessary consequence, the entire abandonment of the world. But, taking the romantic point of view, of which it is the very essence to set an extravagant value upon love, and remembering that Massinger had not heard of modern doctrines of woman's rights, one must admit, I think, that he really shows, by the best means in his power, a strong sense of the dignity of womanhood, and that his catastrophe is more satisfactory than the violent death or the consignment to an inferior lover which would have commended themselves to most Elizabethan dramatists.

The same vein of chivalrous sentiment gives a fine tone to some of Massinger's other plays; to "The Bondman," for example, and "The Great Duke of Florence," in both of which the treatment of lovers' devotion shows a higher sense of the virtue of feminine dignity and purity than is common in the contemporary stage.

There is, of course, a want of reality, an admission of extravagant motives, and an absence of dramatic concentration, which indicate an absence of high imaginative power. Chivalry, at its best, is not very reconcilable with common sense; and the ideal hero is divided, as Cervantes shows, by very narrow distinctions from the downright madman. What was absurd in the more vigorous manifestations of the spirit does not vanish when its energy is lowered, and the rhetorician takes the place of the poet. But the sentiment is still genuine, and often gives real dignity to Massinger's eloquent speeches. It is true that, in apparent inconsistency with this excellence, passages of Massinger are even more deeply stained than

usual with revolting impurities. Not only are his bad men and women apt to be offensive beyond all bearable limits, but places might be pointed out in which even his virtuous women indulge in language of the indescribable variety. The inconsistency of course admits of an easy explanation. Chivalrous sentiment by no means involves perfect purity, nor even a lofty conception of the true meaning of purity. Even a strong religious feeling of a certain kind is quite compatible with considerable laxity in this respect. Charles I. was a virtuous monarch, according to the admission of his enemies; but, as Kingsley remarks, he suggested a plot to Shirley which would certainly not be consistent with the most lax modern notions of decency. The court of which he was the centre certainly included a good many persons who might have at once dictated Massinger's most dignified sentiments and enjoyed his worst ribaldry. Such, for example, if Clarendon's character of him be accurate, would have been the supposed "W. H.," the eldest of the two Earls of Pembroke, with whose family Massinger was so closely connected. But it is only right to add that Massinger's errors in this kind are superficial, and might generally be removed without injury to the structure of his plays.

I have said enough to suggest the general nature of the answer which would have to be made to the problem with which I started. Beyond all doubt, it would be simply preposterous to put down Massinger as a simple product of corruption. He does not mock at generous, lofty instincts, or overlook their influence as great social forces. Mr. Ward quotes him as an instance of the connection between poetic and moral excellence. The dramatic effectiveness of his plays is founded upon the dignity of his moral sentiment; and we may recognize in him "a man who firmly believes in the eternal difference between right and wrong." I subscribe most willingly to the truth of Mr. Ward's general principle, and, with a certain reservation, to the correctness of this special illustration. But the reservation is an important one. After all, can anybody say honestly that he is braced and invigorated by reading Massinger's plays? Does he perceive any touch of what we feel when we have been in company, say, with Sir Walter Scott; a sense that our intellectual atmosphere is clearer than usual, and that we recognize more plainly than we are apt to do the surpassing value of manliness, honesty, and pure domestic

affection? Is there not rather a sense that we have been all the time in an unnatural region, where, it is true, a sense of honor and other good qualities come in for much eloquent praise, but where, above everything, there is a marked absence of downright, wholesome common sense? Of course the effect is partly due to the region in which the old dramatists generally sought for their tragic situations. We are never quite at home in this fictitious cloudland, where the springs of action are strange, unaccountable, and altogether different from those with which we have to do in the work-a-day world. A great poet, indeed, weaves a magic mirror out of these dreamlike materials, in which he shows us the great passions, love, and jealousy, and ambition, reflected upon a gigantic scale. But, in weaker hands, the characters become eccentric instead of typical; his vision simply distorts instead of magnifying the fundamental truths of human nature. The liberty which could be used by Shakespeare becomes dangerous for his successors. Instead of a legitimate idealization, we have simply an abandonment of any basis in reality.

The admission that Massinger is moral must therefore be qualified by the statement that he is unnatural; or, in other words, that his morality is morbid. The groundwork of all the virtues, we are sometimes told, is strength and manliness. A strong nature may be wicked, but a weak one cannot attain any high moral level. The correlative doctrine in literature is, that the foundation of all excellence, artistic or moral, is a vivid perception of realities and a masculine grasp of facts. A man who has that essential quality will not blink the truths which we see illustrated every day around us. He will not represent vice as so ugly that it can have no charms, so foolish that it can never be plausible, or so unlucky that it can never be triumphant. The robust moralist admits that vice is often pleasant, and that wicked men flourish like a green bay-tree. He cannot be over-anxious to preach, for he feels that the intrinsic charm of high qualities can dispense with any artificial attempts to bolster them up by sham rhetoric, or to slur over the hard facts of life. He will describe Iago as impartially as Desdemona; and, having given us the facts, leave us to make what we please of them. It is the mark of a more sickly type of morality, that it must always be distorting the plain truth. It becomes sentimental, because it wishes to believe

that what is pleasant must be true. It makes villains condemn themselves, because such a practice would save so much trouble to judges and moralists. Not appreciating the full force of passions, it allows the existence of grotesque and eccentric motives. It fancies that a little rhetoric will change the heart as well as the passing mood, and represents the claims of virtue as perceptible on the most superficial examination. The morality which requires such concessions becomes necessarily effeminate; it is unconsciously giving up its strongest position by implicitly admitting that the world in which virtue is possible is a very different one from our own.

The decline of the great poetic impulse does not yet reveal itself by sheer blindness to moral distinctions, or downright subservience to vice. A lowered vitality does not necessarily imply disease, though it is favorable to the development of vicious germs. The morality which flourishes in an exhausted soil is not a plant of hardy growth and tough fibre, nourished by rough common sense, flourishing amongst the fierce contests of vigorous passions, and delighting in the open air and the broad daylight. It loves the twilight of romance, and creates heroes impulsive, eccentric, extravagant in their resolves, servile in their devotion, and whose very natures are more or less allied to weakness and luxurious self-indulgence. Massinger, indeed, depicts with much sympathy the virtues of the martyr and the penitent; he can illustrate the paradox that strength can be conquered by weakness, and violence by resignation. His good women triumph by softening the hearts of their persecutors. Their purity is more attractive than the passions of their rivals. His deserted king shows himself worthy of more loyalty than his triumphant persecutors. His Roman actor atones for his weakness by voluntarily taking part in his own punishment.

Such passive virtues are undoubtedly most praiseworthy; but they may border upon qualities not quite so praiseworthy. It is a melancholy truth that your martyr is apt to be a little sanctimonious, and that a penitent is sometimes a bit of a sneak. Resignation and self-restraint are admirable qualities, but admirable in proportion to the force of the opposing temptation. The strong man curbing his passions, the weak woman finding strength in patient suffering, are deserving of our deepest admiration; but in Massinger we feel that the triumph of virtue implies rather a want

of passion than a power of commanding it, and that resignation is comparatively easy when it connotes an absence of active force. The general lowering of vitality, the want of rigid dramatic coloring, deprive his martyrs of that background of vigorous reality against which their virtues would be forcibly revealed. His pathos is not vivid and penetrating. Truly pathetic power is produced only when we see that it is a sentiment wrung from a powerful intellect by keen sympathy with the wrongs of life. We are affected by the tears of a strong man; but the popular preacher who enjoys weeping produces in us nothing but contempt. Massinger's heroes and heroines have not, we may say, backbone enough in them to make us care very deeply for their sorrows. And they moralize rather too freely. We do not want sermons, but sympathy, when we are in our deepest grief; and we do not feel that any one feels very keenly who can take his sorrows for a text, and preach in his agony upon the vanity of human wishes or the excellence of resignation.

Massinger's remarkable flow of genuine eloquence, his real dignity of sentiment, his sympathy for virtuous motive, entitle him to respect; but we cannot be blind to the defect which keeps his work below the level of his greatest contemporaries. It is, in one word, a want of vital force. His writing is pitched in too low a key. He is not invigorating, stimulating, capable of fascinating us by the intensity of his conceptions. His highest range is a dignified melancholy or a certain chivalrous recognition of the noble side of human nature. The art which he represents is still a genuine and spontaneous growth instead of an artificial manufacture. He is not a mere professor of deportment, or maker of fine phrases. The days of mere affectation have not yet arrived; but, on the other hand, there is an absence of that grand vehemence of soul which breathes in the spontaneous, if too lawless, vigor of the older race. There is something hollow under all this stately rhetoric; there are none of those vivid phases which reveal minds moved by strong passions and excited by new aspects of the world. The sails of his verse are not, in Chapman's phrase, "filled with a lusty wind," but moving at best before a steady breath of romantic sentiment, and sometimes flapping rather ominously for want of true impulse. High thinking may still be there, but it is a little self-conscious, and in need of artificial stimulant. The old strenuous line has disappeared, or gone

elsewhere — perhaps to excite a Puritan imagination, and create another incarnation of the old type of masculine vigor in the hero of "Paradise Lost."

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

IN ENGLAND.

"I AM not frightened, but stunned — completely stunned," said Balfour, his hands on his knees, his head bent down. The ever faithful Jewsbury had at once gone to him on hearing the news; and now the small man with the blue spectacles stood confronting him, all the joyousness gone out of his resonant voice. "I feel there must be a clean sweep. I will go down to the Lilacs, and send over one or two things belonging to — to my wife — to her father's; then everything must go. At present I feel that I have no right to spend a shilling on a telegram —"

"Oh," said Mr. Jewsbury, "when the heavens rain mountains, you needn't be afraid of stones." What he exactly meant by this speech he himself probably scarcely knew. He was nervous, and very anxious to appear the reverse. "Nobody will expect you to do anything *outré*. You won't bring down the debts of the firm by giving up the postage-stamps in your pocket-book; and of course there will be an arrangement; and — and there are plenty of poor men in the House —"

"I have just sent a message down to Englebury," he said, showing but little concern. "I have resigned."

"But why this frantic haste?" remonstrated his friend, in a firmer voice. "What will you do next? Do you imagine you are the only man who has come tumbling down and has had to get up again — slowly enough, perhaps?"

"Oh no; not at all," said Balfour, frankly. "I am in no despairing mood.

I only want to get the decks clear for action. I have got to earn a living somehow, and I should only be hampered by a seat in Parliament."

"Why, there are a hundred things you could do, and still retain your seat!" his friend cried. "Go to some of your friends in the late government, get a private secretaryship, write political articles for the papers — why, bless you, there are a hundred ways —"

"No, no, no," Balfour said, with a laugh, "I don't propose to become a bugbear to the people I used to know — a man to be avoided when you catch sight of him at the end of the street, a button-holer, a perpetual claimant. I am off from London, and from England too. I dare say I shall find some old friend of my father's ready to give me a start — in China or Australia — and as I have got to begin life anew, it is lucky the blow fell before my hair was gray. Come, Jewsbury, will you be my partner? We will make our fortune together in a half-dozen years. Let us go for an expedition into the Bush. Or shall we have a try at Peru? I was always certain that the treasures of the Incas could be discovered."

"But, seriously, Balfour, do you mean to leave England?" the clergyman asked. "Certainly."

"Lady Sylvia?"

The brief glimpse of gayety left his face instantly.

"Of course she will go to her father's when she returns from America," said he, coldly.

"No she will not," replied his friend, with some little warmth. "I take it, from what you have told me of her, that she is too true a woman for that. It is only now you will discover what a good wife can be to a man. Send for her. Take her advice. And see what she will say if you propose that she should abandon you in your trouble and go back to her father! See what she will say to that!"

Jewsbury spoke with some vehemence, and he did not notice that his companion had become strangely moved. It was not often that Balfour gave way to emotion.

"Why," said he; and then he suddenly rose and took a turn up and down the room, for he could not speak for a moment. "Jewsbury, she left me! She left me!"

"She left you?" the other vaguely repeated, staring at the young man, who stood there with clinched hands.

"Do you think," Balfour continued rapidly, with just a break here and there in

his voice, "that I should be so completely broken down over the loss of that money? I never cared for money much. That would not hurt me, I think. But it is hard, when you are badly hit, to find ——"

He made a desperate effort to regain his composure, and succeeded. He was too proud to complain. Nay, if the story had to be told now, he would take all the blame of the separation on himself, and try to show that his wife had fair grounds for declaring their married life unendurable. Mr. Jewsbury was a little bit bewildered, but he listened patiently.

"You have done wrong in telling me all that," said he at last. "I need never have known, for I see how this will end. But how fortunate you were to have that friend by you in such a crisis, with her happy expedient. No one but a married woman could have thought of it. If you had formally separated—if she had gone back to her father's—that would have been for life."

"How do you know this is not?"

"Because I believe every word of what that lady friend of hers said to you. And if I don't mistake," he added, slowly, "I don't think you will find this loss of money a great misfortune. I think if you were at this moment to appeal to her—to suggest a reconciliation—you would see with what gladness she would accept it."

"No," said the other, with some return to his ordinary reserve and pride of manner. "She left me of her own free-will. If she had come back of her own free-will, well and good. But I can not ask her to come now. I don't choose to make an *ad misericordiam* appeal to any one. And if she found that my Parliamentary duties interfered with her notion of what our married life should be, what would she think of the much harder work I must attack somewhere or other if I am to earn a living? She would not accompany me from Surrey to Piccadilly: do you think she would go to Shanghai or Melbourne?"

"Yes," said his friend.

"I, at least, will not ask her," he said. "Indeed, I should be quite content if I knew that her father could provide her with a quiet and comfortable home; but I fear he won't be able to hold on much longer to the Hall. She was happy there," he added, with his eyes grown thoughtful. "She should never have left it. The interest she tried to take in public affairs—in any thing outside her own park—was only a dream, a fancy; she got to hate every thing connected with the actual business

of the world almost directly after she was married ——"

"Why?" cried his friend, who had as much shrewdness as most people. "The cause is clear—simple—obvious. Public life was taking away her husband from her a trifle too much. And if that husband is rather a reserved person, and rather inclined to let people take their own way, instead of humoring them and reasoning with them ——"

"Well, now, I think you are right there," said Balfour with some eagerness. "I should have tried harder to persuade her. I should have had more consideration. I should not have believed in her refusals. "But there," he added, rising, "it is all over now. Will you go out for a stroll, Jewsbury? I sha'n't bore you with another such story when you take a run out to see me at Melbourne."

Now it happened that when they got out into Piccadilly the Kew omnibus was going by, and the same project struck both friends at the one moment—for the wilder part of the gardens had at one time been a favorite haunt of theirs. A second or two afterward they were both on the top of the omnibus, driving through the still, warm air, greatly contented, and not at all afraid of being seen in that conspicuous position. The brisk motion introduced some cheerfulness into their talk.

"After all, Balfour," said Mr. Jewsbury, with philosophic resignation, "there are compensations in life, and you may probably live more happily outside politics altogether. There was always the chance—I may say so now—of your becoming somebody; and then you would have gone on to commit the one unforgivable sin—the sin that the English people never condone. You might have done signal service to your country. You might have given up your days and nights, you might have ruined your health, you might have sacrificed all your personal interests and feelings, in working for the good of your fellow-countrymen; and then you know what your reward would have been. That is the one thing the English people cannot forgive. You would have been jeered at and ridiculed in the clubs; abused in the papers; taunted in Parliament; treated everywhere as if you were at once a self-seeking adventurer, a lunatic, and a fiend bent on the destruction of the State. If you had spent all your fortune on yourself, given up all your time to your own pleasures, paid not the slightest attention to anybody around you except in so far as they ministered to your comfort, then you would

have been regarded as an exemplary person, a good man, and honest Englishman. But if you had given up your whole life to trying to benefit other people through wise legislation, then your reward would be the pillory, for every coward and sneak to have his fling at you."

"My dear Jewsbury," Balfour said with a rueful smile, "it is very kind of you to insist that the grapes are sour."

"Another advantage is that you will have added a new experience to your life," continued the philosopher, who was bent on cheering his friend up a bit, "and will be in so much the completer man. The complete man is he who has gone through all human experiences. Time and the law are against any single person doing it; but you can always be travelling in that direction."

"One ought, for example, to pick a pocket and get sent to prison?"

"Certainly."

"And run away with one's neighbor's wife?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And commit a murder?"

"No," replied this clerical person, "for that might disturb the experiment — might bring it to an end, in fact. But there can be no doubt that Shakespeare committed several diabolical murders, and was guilty of the basest ingratitude, and was devoured with the most fiendish hatred — in imagination. In turns he was a monster of cupidity, of revenge, of bloodthirstiness, of cowardice. Other men, who have not the power to project themselves in this fashion can only learn through action. It therefore follows that the sooner you get yourself sent to the treadmill, the better."

"And indeed I suppose I am nearer it now than I was a week ago," Balfour admitted. "And perhaps I shall soon begin to envy and imitate my esteemed father-in-law in the little tricks by which he earns a few sovereigns now and again. I used to be very severe on the old gentleman, but I may have to take to sham companies myself."

With this and similar discourse the two sages passed the time until they arrived at Kew. It will be observed that as yet it was only a theoretical sort of poverty that had befallen Balfour. It was a sort of poverty that did not prevent the two friends from having a fairly comfortable luncheon at a hotel down there, or from giving up the day to idle sauntering through the wilder and uncultivated portions of the gardens, or from indulging in

useless guesses as to what might have been had Balfour been able to remain in Parliament.

"But in any case you will come back," continued Mr. Jewsbury, who was trying to espy a squirrel he had seen run up the trunk of an elm; "and you will be burdened with wealth and rich in knowledge. Then, when you get into Parliament, shall I tell you what you must do? Shall I give you a project that will make your name famous in the political history of your country?"

"It won't be of much use to me," was the answer; "but I know one or two gentlemen down at Westminster who would be glad to hear of it."

"Take my proposal with you now. Brood over it. Collect facts wherever you go. Depend on it —"

"But what is it?"

"The total abolition of that most pernicious superstition — trial by jury. Why, man, I could give you the heads of a speech that would ring through the land. The incorruptibility of the English bench — the vast learning, the patience, the knowledge of the world, the probity, of our judges. Then you draw a picture of one of these judges laboriously setting out the facts of a case before the jury, and of his astonishment at their returning a verdict directly in the teeth of the evidence. Think of the store of anecdotes you could amass to get the House into a good humor. Then a burst of pathetic indignation. Whose reputation, whose fortune, is safe if either depends on the verdict of twelve crass idiots? A bit of flash oratory on the part of a paid pleader may cost a man a couple of thousand pounds in the face of common sense and justice. Balfour," said Mr. Jewsbury, solemnly, "the day on which the verdict in the Tichborne case was announced was a sad day for me."

"Indeed," said the other. "I have got an uncle-in-law who believes in Tich yet. I will give you a note of introduction to him, and you might mingle your tears."

"I was not thinking of Tich," continued Mr. Jewsbury, carefully plaiting some long grass together; "I was thinking of this great political project which I am willing to put into your hands; it will keep a few years. And I was thinking what a great opportunity was lost when those twelve men brought in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Arthur Orton. I had almost counted on their bringing in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Roger Tichborne; but if that was too much to hope for, then, at least, I took it for granted that they would

disagree. That single fact would have been of more use to you than a hundred arguments. Armed with it, you might have gone forward single-handed to hew down this monstrous institution." And here Mr. Jewsbury aimed a blow at a mighty chestnut-tree with the cord of grass he had plaited. The chestnut-tree did not tremble.

"However, I see you are not interested," the small clergyman continued. "That is another fact you will learn. A man without money pays little heed to the English Constitution, unless he hopes to make something out of it. What is the immediate thing you mean to do?"

"I can do nothing at present," Balfour said, absently. "The lawyers will be let loose, of course. Then I have written to my wife requesting her—at least making the suggestion that she should give up the money paid to her under the marriage settlement——"

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Jewsbury. "I won't say that you have been quixotic; but don't you think that, before taking such a step, you ought to have got to know what the—the custom is in such things—what commercial people do—what the creditors themselves would expect you to do?"

"I cannot take any one's opinion on the point," Balfour said, simply. "But of course I only made the suggestion in informing her of the facts. She will do what she herself considers right."

"I cannot understand your talking about your wife in that tone," said Jewsbury, looking at the impassive face.

"I think they mean to transfer—to the Lords," said Balfour, abruptly; and so for a time they talked of Parliamentary matters, just as if nothing had happened since Balfour left Oxford. But Jewsbury could see that his companion was thinking neither of Lords nor Commons.

And indeed it was he himself, despite all his resolve, who wandered back to the subject; and he told Jewsbury the whole story over again, more amply and sympathetically than before; and he could not give sufficient expression to the gratitude he bore toward that kind and gracious and generous friend down there in Surrey who had lent him such swift counsel and succor in his great distress.

"And what do you think of it all, Jewsbury?" said he, with all the proud reserve gone from his manner and speech. "What will she do? It was only a sort of probationary tour, you know—she admitted that; there was no definite separation——"

Mr. Jewsbury gave no direct answer.

"Much depends," he said, slowly, "on the sort of letter you wrote to her. From what you say, I should imagine it was very injudicious, a little bit cruel, and likely to make mischief."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE IRONY OF LIFE.

IN the second volume of the "Philological Museum," published at Cambridge in 1833, there is an article by the late Bishop Thirlwall on "The Irony of Sophocles," which is marked by all that great scholar's subtlety of thought and mastery of classical learning. He distinguishes between *verbal* and *practical* irony, the former of which he defines "as a figure which enables the speaker to convey his meaning with greater force by means of a contrast between the thought and expression—or, to speak more accurately, between the thought which he evidently designs to express, and that which his words properly signify." Practical irony in life is the contrast between the real and apparent state of things which environ the subject of it, whether it be a kingdom, a commonwealth, a society, or an individual. The word seems originally to have been applied to the peculiar mode of disputation adopted by Socrates. This consisted in a playful entanglement of his opponent in admissions, which, while appearing to support and strengthen the argument of that opponent, in reality involved him in an absurd conclusion. He was made to take the bait, all unconscious of the hook by which he was to be captured. There was a perfect antagonism between the appearance and the fact—the appearance being the assurance of victory, the fact the certainty of defeat; and the defeat was brought about by the use of the very weapons on which the disputant relied for success. This the Greeks called *Elpseia*. It may be described as the irony of the fallacies, and is different from verbal irony in the modern sense of the word. One reason why verbal irony is so powerful an instrument of speech, is because contrast is a law of the association of ideas. The image of a thing suggests the idea of its opposite. But another reason is, that the very disparity of the language used assists the mind in measuring the contrast, just as the force of a blow is proportionate to the recoil. By seeming to deny to an object its proper attribute, we instantly

conjure up the thought of what that attribute is, and we feel it more strongly in consequence of the incongruity of the term applied. What are some of the most endearing epithets with which we accost the darlings of our hearts — our little ones? What father or mother scruples, or rather in the very gush and effusion of love, is not almost compelled, to address a laughing infant in words which, taken literally, would be strangely and shockingly wrong? "You little rogue!" comes as spontaneously to the lips as "You little darling!" and each expression is but the equivalent of the other. Coleridge has, in his continuation of "Christabel" — alas! only a fragment — tried to give an explanation of this, which is perhaps not very far from the mark, although we think that the one we have already suggested is the true one. But there can be no question about the beauty of the lines.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing, with red round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flew in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
In words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To utter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm;
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty,
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.

The last explanation is not very different from our own, only we think it is not so much "the sweet recoil of love and pity" which "each wild word" produces in the mind, as the suggestion of thoughts of tenderness and love which the very wildness of the words forces irresistibly on the heart.

In order to appreciate irony there must be some sense of humor. The essays of Elia are full of it; and their chief charm would be lost on the reader who took everything literally, or, to use Charles Lamb's own expression, "on the square." How helplessly he would flounder in the "Sartor Resartus" of Carlyle! There is an essay by De Quincey on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," which is in the finest style of irony; and we once spoke of it in terms of high praise to a person in an official position, and strongly recommended him to read it. We lent him the book for the purpose; but in a

few days he returned it to us with a note in which he said that he did not like the article at all, and thoroughly disapproved of it, for it dealt far too lightly with one of the most dreadful of crimes, and seemed almost to encourage it!

There are some excellent examples of verbal irony in the Bible. There must have been something in the tone of Micah when, summoned to foretell the issue of the approaching battle at Ramoth-Gilead between the kings of Israel and Judah on the one side, and the king of Syria on the other, he said, "Go ye up and prosper, and they shall be delivered into your hand," — something which betrayed a contradiction between his words and his meaning; for Ahab immediately detected the concealed irony, and asked, "How many times shall I adjure thee that thou say nothing but the truth to me in the name of the Lord?" And then came the truth from the lips of the prophet which predicted the defeat of Israel, and consigned himself to a dungeon, to eat "the bread of affliction" and drink "the water of affliction."

In the apostrophe of Elijah to the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, when he mocked them, and said, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked;" there is perhaps banter rather than irony. The prophet assumes the truth of the hypothesis that Baal is a god. If so, then surely there must be a good reason why he does not hear the cry of his votaries — he must be otherwise engaged. And we must remember that, according to pagan ideas, there was nothing in the occupations suggested by Elijah incompatible with the dignity of a deity. The mythology of Greece is full of anecdotes which show that its gods might be worse and less rationally employed. The irony consists, we think, in the implied contrast between such an idea of the divinity of Baal and the divinity of Jehovah, the God of Israel. But there is no contradiction between the words and the meaning. Elijah puts himself in the position of the priests themselves. And from their point of view his explanation of the cause why Baal is deaf to their entreaties is reasonable enough. But at the same time he shows how ludicrous it is to suppose that Baal is really a god — "for peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." This is properly banter, or what the French call *badinage*; just as irony with them is *persiflage*. Real irony seems to stand

midway between banter and sarcasm. Banter is the playful, and sarcasm the ferocious form of irony. In the etymology of sarcasm, however, there is nothing to suggest the idea of irony. It literally means a "tearing of the flesh," but in modern usage it generally implies irony in its bitterest form.

We think that the key to many of the passages in the book of Ecclesiastes which seem to inculcate mere selfishness, and a reckless disregard of everything except present and sensual enjoyment, is that they are to be taken in an ironical sense. After a reign of unexampled splendor and magnificence, Solomon had found that all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and the wisest of men must have been a fool if he could seriously propound, as sufficient for happiness, such maxims as that "there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labors;" and "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works. Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity; for that is thy portion in this life." Solomon had tried all this, and the apples of Issachar had turned to ashes on his lips. It is not likely, therefore, that he should recommend in earnest to others the fruit which had been so bitter to himself. No; the true meaning and solution of the riddle is to be found in the verse towards the end of the book: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: *but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*"

But let us now turn to Sophocles. The best example of the practical irony of life which his plays afford is the "Œdipus Tyrannus." A pestilence rages at Thebes, of which Œdipus is king. The gods are appealed to in vain. Altars have blazed with fire and reeked with incense in the temples. The oracle of Delphi is consulted, and the answer of the priestess is, "The land suffers under a curse, owing to a dreadful murder. The crime must be expiated, and the pollution purged away." But what was the murder, and who is the murderer? Tiresias, the blind seer, is sent for; and after refusing to answer, and having been taunted by Œdipus with his blind-

ness, he at last bids the monarch obey the behest of his own proclamation, and, as the perpetrator of the crime, end his own unhallowed life. The chorus asks in all simplicity, "Who is the guilty wretch? Does he hide himself in lonely forest or secluded glen?" Who can believe that he is now sitting on the throne, the husband of Jocasta, and lord of Thebes? But a herdsman comes and unfolds the fatal truth that Œdipus is the murderer, the assassin of his father and now the wedded husband of his own mother. In the agony of remorse the king deprives himself of sight—sinking into the depths of despair under the double weight of his two involuntary crimes of parricide and incest.

Here we see the irony of the situation in all its force. Not only is there the contrast between the apparent glory and happiness of Œdipus, the exalted monarch and beloved husband, and his real wretchedness as an incestuous parricide; but we see that in his proclamation he unconsciously denounces himself, and that the pains he takes to discover the author of the crime are the means by which he brings home that crime to himself.

In the "Trachiniæ" we have another example of the irony of fate. When Nessus, in his attempt to carry off Dejanira, received his death-wound from the arrow of Hercules, he gave her a subtle poison which he pretended would act as a philtre or love-charm, in case at any time she was in danger of losing the affections of her husband. Hercules, in one of his frequent absences from her while he followed his roving and quixotic life, took a city in Eubœa, and made captive the inhabitants. Amongst them was a royal princess, of whom the inconstant chieftain became enamored, and he brought her in this train, intending to make her his wife. We suppose that bigamy was allowed in those days. The news reaches Dejanira that Hercules is coming home, accompanied by her rival. She bethinks herself of the gift of Nessus; and dipping a festal robe in the poison, she sends it to Hercules, that he may wear it while he sacrifices to the gods in honor of his victory and as a thanksgiving for his safe return. In all the glory of his triumph, and by the side of his captive bride, he puts on the fatal dress, and dies in horrible torments. Dejanira, finding that the robe which she had fondly imagined would inspire her husband with his former love for her had been the cause of his death, commits suicide, horror-stricken at the thought of her fatal mistake. Here we have the

bitter contrast between semblance and reality. The moment of joy and triumph to Hercules is the moment of excruciating torture. The gift of a wife's affection is the messenger of death.

We travel from memory, amidst the wild mountains of Switzerland, not having access to the article in question, and, indeed, hardly to any books at all; but we believe that Bishop Thirlwall finds in the "Œdipus at Colonus," the "Antigone," and the "Ajax," other instances of the irony of Sophocles. Our impression, however, is, that these illustrations are rather far-fetched, and more ingenious than real.

Let us pass from Sophocles to Shakespeare. It would be easy to quote from his plays many examples of the irony of fate; but we will content ourselves with citing the lines in which Wolsey, in "Henry VIII.," describes the irony of his own life, and, beginning with generalization, ends with a melancholy application to himself:—

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon
him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks—good easy man—full
surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
pride
At length broke under me, and now has left
me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.

In fiction we do not know a more terrible example of the irony of situation than that which is given by Victor Hugo in his "*Les Misérables*." There the convict, Jean Valjean, having escaped from the galleys, succeeds in elevating himself to the position of mayor in a provincial town. He wins the respect and esteem of all the inhabitants, and is distinguished by his benevolence, his probity and his justice. But he had in his flight taken a sum of money from a passenger on the highway, and another is falsely accused of the crime. Jean Valjean hears of this, and rather than that an innocent man should suffer, resolves to appear in the criminal court and avow himself guilty of the theft, with the certainty that his identity as an escaped *forçat* will be discovered, and he will be again consigned to the hulks. We think

that the story of his journey to the assize town, and the mental conflict which he has to undergo, is one of the most thrilling narratives in the whole range of fiction; and the moment when he reveals himself in court, not as the upright magistrate but the condemned convict, strains the feelings of the reader to the most painful pitch of intensity. The depth of the fall is measured by the height of the former rise.

But we need not go to the drama and works of imagination to supply examples of the irony of fate. History is full of it, and human life is full of it. Sometimes it shows itself with terrific grandeur in the sudden crash of an empire, as on that fatal night in Babylon when "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." Then and there, amidst the blaze of lights and sound of festive music, the mysterious handwriting came forth and proclaimed the doom which the sword of Darius the Median was already accomplishing in the streets of the devoted city. "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom." Sometimes it assumes the form of slow wasting decay, which eats into the heart of power, while all around seems smiling and secure. Such was the state of the Roman empire when the throne of the Cæsars was undermined by luxury and vice. The apparent prosperity was only the prelude to the ruinous catastrophe. And the peculiar irony of the situation was, that the very strength of the despotism became the weakness and ruin of the State. A conspicuous example of this is seen in the fall of the first Napoleon. His victories were the cause of his overthrow. His never-satisfied ambition made him the enemy of every European kingdom, and at last forced on the coalition that destroyed him. The conqueror of Europe—the ruler over the largest empire which the world had seen since the time of Charlemagne—was at last chained like Prometheus to a rock, and confined to the petty limits of a distant island in the Atlantic, and there condemned to "eat his life away."

There is also an irony of nature. There is something pathetic in the thought that few things are more beautiful than a ruin. Those mouldering walls over whose moss-grown stones the ivy has thrown its mantle of green—those broken casements through which in olden times brave warriors and fair ladies looked, and where the wallflower, the foxglove, and the harebell

shed their wild beauty, are more lovely now than when they were full of the motion of life, and stood in all their pride of feudal strength. For nature is covering decay with bloom and beauty, and adorning the sepulchre of the past with her sweetest flowers and her loveliest colors. And who has not felt in some moment of bitterness and sorrow, when his heart is bursting with grief, how pitiless seems the irony of nature which almost mocks him with her joyousness, and makes him realize the sharpness of the contrast between his own misery and the laughing loveliness of stream and grove and mountain and meadow around him? It was this that inspired Burns with those touching lines, —

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return!

We have often thought that there is irony in the fact that houses and villages cluster on the slopes and at the feet of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*. The grim mountains rear their bare crests aloft, and in their bosom sleeps the volcanic fire ready at any moment to burst forth and pour the destructive lava over the plain. But vegetation clothes the sides, and a carpet of flowers is spread around like garlands on the neck of a victim. Men and women pursue their rustic labors, and little children play all forgetful of the danger that lurks beneath their feet. It seems impossible to believe that such a scene of beauty and tranquillity may in an instant be changed to a blackened mass of ruin; and so they go on until the curl of dark smoke gives the signal for the earthquake shock and the awful burst of the volcano.

But the irony of human life is everywhere — at home, in society, and in ourselves. The bloom on the cheek of that lovely girl, the delight and pride of the household, is not the bloom of health, but the hectic hue of consumption, which counterfeits its semblance.

Look at that troop of ballet-dancers, with their bright dresses and glittering spangles and joyous movements, and follow one of them, when she has gone through the labors of the night in an applauding theatre, to her poverty-stricken home. The pittance she earns is hardly sufficient to buy food for her mother and

sisters, who, in their threadbare apparel and badly-furnished room, have to fight the grim battle of life against want and hunger.

But a still sadder case of irony is that of some poor wanderer of the night who shivers in the cold air beneath her thin dress of gaudy silk, and affects a desperate gayety to attract the notice of those "who force from famine the caress of love." "But the pity of it, Iago; oh, the pity of it!"

That youthful politician whose position in the House of Commons, as the member for a popular constituency, is the envy of his associates, is perhaps devoured by the pangs of dissatisfied ambition, and full of wrath against the minister who has not appreciated his merits. This is irony indeed.

Then there is the irony of married life. We do not speak of an open breach of the marriage vow, although this often falls, like a thunderbolt in a serene sky, upon the unsuspecting wife or husband; nor yet of the false position of him, or her, who, although tortured by jealousy, is unable to discard affection; "who doubts, yet dares; suspects yet strongly loves." But dissimilarity of tastes or incompatibility of temper may make home a misery, while, to society and the world, all there seems to be the sunshine of happiness. Who would suspect that the smiling couple so affable and gracious in mixed company, pass many of their hours when alone together in sulky silence or mutual reproaches? The conventional mask is there thrown off, and the real features are seen, which are anything but pleasant. Sir John and Lady Teasewell lead a cat-and-dog life at home, although they appear like two turtle-doves abroad. We once knew the case of a husband and wife who lived in the same house for years as completely separated as if they had been miles asunder. They had separate apartments and separate meals, and always passed each other on the stairs without speaking. And yet no one who was not in the secret would have imagined that they were not an affectionate pair.

But of all the examples of irony that occur in everyday life, perhaps the most frequent, and at the same time one of the most painful, is the struggle to keep up appearances. We all know how Caleb Balderstone, in "The Bride of Lammermoor," strove to save the credit of the Master of Ravenswood, and to hide the poverty of his purse and home. We respect the motive while we laugh at the

shifts to which the faithful servant has recourse to attain his object. There are many Caleb Balderstones amongst us who act in the same spirit not for others but for themselves. They cannot bear to be thought poor. They must live like their neighbors, although those neighbors may be twice or three times as rich as themselves. They copy the entertainments of the wealthy, and adjust their dinner-parties and evening receptions to the same scale, however much they may pinch and squeeze at the family fireside. We saw lately a statement in one of the London newspapers, that the cost of an evening party at one of the great houses was £386; and of a concert at another house of the ordinary class, £601; while a ball, including £300 for "decorations," came to the startling figure of £615. Perhaps in each case the host was able to afford it, but not the less was the amount reprehensible waste. Each of these sums represented a moderate income on which a family might live respectably for a year. We do not mean that upon it what is called "society" could be kept up in the metropolis; but how many country clergymen are there not who would be glad if their livings amounted to the smallest of these sums? And what is gained by such extravagance? Nobody thinks the better of a host or hostess on account of the profusion of their expenditure. Nobody pretends that there is real enjoyment in being crushed in a crowded room where you can hardly breathe. And too often the lavishness squandered on the dinner-table or the drawing-room seriously cripples the means of the family. The frog cannot try and puff himself out to the dimensions of the ox without danger of bursting. Surely it is the very irony of life when a man struggles to assume or to keep up a position which his means cannot afford. He is running a race in which he is far too heavily handicapped to hope to win; and the show and glitter of a few seasons will perhaps end in insolvency and ruin, or at all events in enforced retirement to some quiet corner where he can economize and repent.

"They manage these things better in France," says Sterne at the beginning of his "Sentimental Journey;" and certainly they do understand the art of entertaining better abroad than in England. They do not consider that people wish to come together to see a parade of ostentatious luxury,—

Where souls are starved and senses gratified,—
but for the purpose of rational conversa-

tion, and the gratification of simple tastes. Who would not have preferred an hour with Horace in his Sabine farm, where

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt viridique certat
Bacca Venafrò;*

to the suppers of Lucullus in his hall of Apollo, or the costly banquet of Apicius? We know that it is unjust to compare the exigencies of town life with the freedom of the country; but what we mean to assert is, that we sin greatly in our intercourse with society on the side of extravagance; and it is mere irony that can make profuse luxury supply the means of what is intended to be social enjoyment. There is, however, a more respectable form of this contrast between appearance and reality, with which we profoundly sympathize. It may be absolutely necessary, with a view to employment, or for the sake of the interests of sons and daughters, that a man should seem in the eye of the world to be better off than he actually is. He and they must dress respectably and live respectably on a narrow income, and avoid as much as possible falling into the despised class of the shabby-genteel. Provisions may rise, and coals grow dear; but still on the same limited means an outward show of decent comfort has to be maintained at the cost of many a heartache, and by the use of many a trying expedient. We believe that few people know how much distress of this kind there is amongst the clergy of the Established Church. A clergyman is by his profession and his position a gentleman, but too often is a pauper in disguise. His income is probably not larger than that of a banker's clerk,—or including his parsonage, which he holds rent free, amounts, we will say, to £250 or £300. Upon this he has to bring up a family of sons and daughters, and insure his life in order that when he dies he may not leave his family utterly penniless. But what a struggle it is! The cost of clothes, and food, and education is just as dear to a clergyman as to a layman, and he is the person to whom the poor of the parish naturally appeal for help when sickness or other mischance overtakes them. The secret records of the Clergy Aid Society could tell many a piteous tale of dumb and inarticulate suffering of which the world hears nothing, and suspects nothing; for the irony of the situation is, that the snug rectory or pretty vicarage seems to be the abode of ease and com-

fort, while the inmates are obliged to practise the most rigid and self-denying economy.

To hoist an engineer with his own petard has almost passed into a proverb, so frequent have been the instances in which the author of some invention of cruelty has perished by his own device. The oldest on record is that of the man who was roasted alive in his brazen bull by Phalaris. And one of the latest would be that of the inventor of the guillotine, if, as according to the current tradition, he had fallen under its knife. But we believe it is satisfactorily established that Dr. Guillotine never looked through "the little window," but died peaceably in his bed.

The annals of crime are full of the irony of destiny. The means by which the criminal has sought to evade detection have been the means by which his guilt has been discovered. One of the most recent of these is the case of the murderer Wainwright, who was tried and executed two years ago. In the first place, he poured chloride of lime instead of quicklime over the body of his victim, forgetful or ignorant that the substance is antiseptic, and tends rather to preserve the dead body than destroy it. Again, although the corpse had been buried out of sight for more than a year, and there was little likelihood that it would be discovered, he disinterred it, and gave some of the fragments in a packet to a boy to hold, whose curiosity induced him to look into the parcel, and thus led to the discovery and conviction of the murderer. It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind, showing how unconsciously guilt weaves the web in the meshes of which it is itself caught, and that what seems prudence and safety is in reality folly and destruction.

But after all, the irony of life is best shown when we consider time with reference to eternity. It must seem almost inconceivable to celestial beings, if they have any consciousness of what takes place on earth, that we, the little insects of an hour, who profess to believe in immortality and a future state, should live as if our existence on earth were our all in all. The disproportion between the interests at stake is so infinite, that comparison is impossible. And yet practically the great majority of Christian men do live as if this world were everything, and throw themselves with as much eagerness into the trifles of the present as if they were to last forever. What a tremendous irony there is in the parable of our Saviour!—

The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

This is the sum of the whole matter. If we live in the full consciousness that we are but shadows here, and pursue only shadows upon earth,—that we are but children who await a glorious inheritance, and that nothing is of any real value which does not fit and prepare us for our future destiny,—there will be no irony in our lives as regards our aims and our employments, for we shall subordinate everything to the thought of the hereafter. We shall know how to proportion our interests, and avoid all extravagance, either of sorrow or of joy, thankfully making use of the blessings which the favor of the Almighty may bestow upon us, but always in our life-voyage keeping steadily in view the haven for which we are bound.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LA GRANDE DAME DE L'ANCIEN REGIME.

THE beginning of this century witnessed the gradual extinction of a great social power. It has died out, and its place knows it no more.

"*La grande dame s'en va,*" wrote a French author about the year 1830; "*le milieu respirable pour elle n'existant plus; elle n'a pas fait école.*" He was right; *la grande dame* is extinct. And not only in France, but in English society almost simultaneously she disappeared. Whether from the same cause—that the elements necessary to her existence are wanting here also—or whether, according to the inflexible laws of supply and demand, she ceased to exist when the restlessness of modern life no longer required her calm, obstructive influence, I leave to wiser heads to determine. Enough to note the fact that she has departed, and left no successors. I trust that I shall not be misunderstood to imply that our society has not still, notwithstanding the debasing influences of slang and fastness, numerous specimens of the high-bred lady "*of the*

best class, and better than her class," who has ever been the boast of our aristocracy, and remains to bear her own witness to her own days. Those who are now gone, but in my youth were still living and retained in their manners the traditions of the old school, were so numerous and wellknown that to name some would be invidious, to omit none impossible, without trenching on the sacredness of private life. Still, there was *one* whom I may be forgiven for naming, because her political existence and *rôle* have marked her place in the history of her times; one who will ever be to me the type of the perfect lady, everywhere recognized, whatever her outward symbols, by that inward grace of good breeding, which in Horace Walpole's famous words is *good feeling*. Who that ever knew her does not remember the graceful hostess, whose house the most insignificant never left without feeling he had received an individual welcome, while the familiar word or jest distinguished the friend or *habitué*? She who had for all the kind word, the happy phrase, yet whose gentle dignity kept aloof any risk of the forwardness which might have been feared in a society as mixed as that which the interests of the Liberal party obliged her to receive. She who to her latest day reigned over society by her exquisite tact even more than by her position; and gained all hearts by that irresistible charm which sprang from the well of kindness in her own. But the exigencies of the society in which she played so prominent a part had effaced in her the traditions of her youthful days. Between the type she represented and that of the *grande dame de l'ancien régime* there is a great gulf fixed by national habits and character. Lady Palmerston, under fostering circumstances, might live again; but the *grande dame* was an anomaly: she is gone forever.

To attempt to trace out this dissimilarity and its causes would require an abler pen than mine, a profound knowledge of the social history of the past century in both countries, and, above all, the risk of entering on a subject treated by master minds of the past generation, and in this by De Tocqueville, Prévost Paradol, Henri Taine, and many other celebrated writers. I wish carefully to avoid any national comparisons, and simply try to fix the recollections of my earliest youth, passed entirely in Paris in close intimacy with many of the families representing the greatest names in French history. Thus I became better acquainted

with their domestic life, with the tone of their very restricted intimate circle, than was perhaps the case with any English in the days succeeding the restoration, when the soreness of recent defeat had just succeeded the privations of the Continental *blocus*, and the name of England was with few exceptions odious to all French ears. It happened in our case that amongst the noble *émigrés* returned from England my parents had some personal friends, and a family connection in the Faubourg St. Germain, and thus saw them in their own homes, a favor seldom accorded to strangers. We children continued playmates of our still older friends, the children of the Orleans family, which gave us a foot in both camps — for opposite camps they were. The Duc d'Orleans — tolerated from his position as *premier prince du sang*, and until the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, heir to the crown — was looked upon with distrust by the court and the noble faubourg as the son of Egalité, the pupil of Madame de Genlis, the Swiss schoolmaster, the American democratic wanderer, the bold advocate of the political offender. The well-known ambition and influence of his sister Madame Adelaide added to this unjust distrust, which not even respect for his angelic wife could conquer. A king's daughter, a Bourbon aunt of the young Duchesse de Berri, who was tenderly attached to her, — such claims as these could not be wholly ignored by the court and its followers; but the gloomy Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had never forgiven the murder of her parents, naturally kept aloof from the Duc d'Orleans, and only the necessary intercourse took place between the court and the Palais Royal. The liberal education which Louis Philippe gave his sons, sending them to walk daily, satchel on back, to the Collège de France, to pursue their studies in common with boys of all classes, went counter to all their ideas. The brilliant society of the Palais Royal and Neuilly, where everything distinguished in arts, literature, and even finance was entertained with the most princely hospitality, was, by its very contrast, equally distasteful to the gloomy, ascetic court. The Duchesse d'Orleans, adored by all who approached her, lived but for her husband and her beautiful young family, in whom her somewhat southern piety counteracted the liberal tendencies of their education. She cultivated in them religious feelings. She animated them with enthusiastic loyalty to the throne. I remember hearing that when the guns were firing for the birth of

the first child of the Duchesse de Berri, the young Duc d'Chartres, then between eight and nine years old, sat intently listening for the eventful twenty-first gun (which indicated the birth of a prince), saying, "*Silence! j'écoute si c'est mon roi, ou ma femme*," unconscious of anxiety for the throne which hung on the balance. Such was the state of parties in 1823, when I first recollect the families of whom I shall now speak.

It is very remarkable how little, although only separated by that narrow Channel passed daily by thousands, how imperfectly we know *good* French society. We have our preconceived notions, our judgments formed on the writings of a certain class of French novelists, who because they write about comtesses and duchesses, we fancy must know them.* We in England may safely trust to the novels of the late Lord Lytton, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Whyte Melville, George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, Thackeray, Lady G. Fullerton, and a few others, to give a foreigner a sufficiently accurate idea of life on the higher rungs of the ladder to which they mostly belong. But it is not so in the France of modern days, where writers do not belong to the upper classes, or do not write novels. Some memoirs written by themselves, but printed for private circulation only, could alone give an idea of a class to which in our appreciation of their home life and domestic virtues I fear we do but scant justice. I, who have seen them in the bosom of their families, who have received from these, the last of their social type, constant kindness and cordial reception, should indeed feel proud and happy, could my simple but faithful witness serve to dispel one erroneous impression, or conquer one unjust prejudice against those I early learnt to love and respect.

There were other reasons besides the natural distaste for the English to account for so few of them having been admitted into the intimacy of French families. All foreigners, *accueillant* as they are to strangers in society, are far more chary than we are of admitting them into domestic life, partly because owing to the spoliations of the Revolution, and the new laws of division of property, many of the great families were poor, partly that "hugger mugger" is the only term to express the life of a French family, even many of the greatest, in those days when it was the custom for all the different *ménages* com-

posing it to live under one roof. These ancestral houses, *hôtels* as they were called, were mostly situated in the Faubourg St. Germain, where some of them are still to be seen spared by the Revolution — although more have perished in the suicidal fires of the Commune. Some streets as the Rue de Lille, Rue de l'Université, Rue St. Dominique, were entirely composed of these lordly elevations, with their grand old trees towering over the high wall which separated them from the quiet street they overshadowed, to which no shops brought traffic or noise. It was difficult to realize that this was the bustling Paris whose deafening roar and whirl of excitement you had left on the Boulevard but a few minutes before. In this wall the entrance gate, called the *porte cochère*, so gigantic that you wondered how easily the porter swung it on its circular hinges, admitted carriages; the foot-passengers entering by a small door cut in the large one, as in some of our own old houses. These hotels were immense; none of our largest houses in London, except Burlington House before its alteration, give an idea of them. You drove into a large court, round which the house was built, a peristyle in the centre. The garden front on the ground and first floors was devoted to the heads of families and to reception; the second floor, and the two sides of the court, were divided into innumerable apartments with *entresols*; these although low-pitched were roomy, and in the clear sky and light air of Paris had none of the stuffy darkness which would be their lot in London. That they are pleasant abodes enough any one who has enjoyed the *entresol* apartment at the Hotel Bristol will testify. In these were lodged the younger branches of the family, the tutor, *M. l'abbé*, the *secrétaire*, and the hangers-on — their name was legion. As the sons and daughters grew up and married, each young couple took an apartment in the caravanseraï of one or other paternal abode. There could not be a separate kitchen to each, therefore from mingled motives of economy and a wish to keep a due watch and hold over the young couple, all had their meals in common in the apartment of the head of the house, excepting the morning *café*, which was taken by each person when and where they liked. There is still in some French houses of my acquaintance a sort of buttery, where, between the hours of eight and nine, are an unrestricted supply of coffee, milk, and bread in the rough, but excellent in its kind, can be had; served on white marble

* See this well stated in "French Novels and French Life," by H. de Lagardie; Macmillan for March, 1877.

slabs, cleaner and less expensive than tablecloths. This arrangement saves time, as each servant comes at the hour most convenient.

Between eleven and twelve came the *déjeuner*, which we should call luncheon. Often have I assisted with my young companions at these repasts, where with an eye as keen as any at the table, the great-grandmother presided over four generations, beginning with her own already aged sons or daughters, and ending with the baby in its high chair attended by its Normande nurse, in her fly-cap, feeding it with broth out of a glass—a very nasty-looking proceeding, by-the-by. At the top of the table near the lady sat the old friend, who, according to invariable custom, came on a certain day of the week—his other days being similarly filled up at other hospitable houses. Then some relation who had in poverty found an asylum with the head of the house. The *lectrice*, or companion of the old lady, *M. l'abbé* the friend and counsellor of the family; interspersed with them the married sons and daughters; the boys with their tutor; rarely the men of the family, at least the young ones, but all the children. The *déjeuner* was good, but plain; soup, cutlets (without sauce), filets of beef with fried potatoes, omelettes and cheese, of which an immense variety is eaten in France, and fruit. The dinner, at six o'clock, was a repetition of the *déjeuner* minus the baby and its broth, and plus fish, *entrées*, and sweets, as well as the men of the family, who were often out in the morning, receiving in friendly houses the same *sans façon* hospitality they left in their own. Still it would have been difficult and inconvenient to invite strangers to such unceremonious meals, and there being no schoolroom table (because there were no schoolrooms), it was impossible to break up the heterogeneous assemblage except on great gala occasions. The result was that in those days no, or at least, very few, French families gave dinners.

After the *déjeuner* and a visit to *bonne-maman*, as the grandmother is prettily called in French, when we were duly presented and given the freedom of the house in torrents of *mon bijou, charmante, délicieuse*, duly distributed to us all with laudable impartiality, and accompanied by *pastilles de chocolat*, which I appreciated much more, we were dismissed to the garden—not the miserable strip of modern Paris (when it has one), but shade in summer, sunny walks in winter, and space enough in those airy quarters of the town

to dispense with going out of its walls for daily exercise. In those days there were few open carriages, fewer still with one horse; and the coachman and pair of fat old horses were kept chiefly for evening, or for the necessary work of the day. The young women drove *au bois* with their husbands in cabriolets or curricles, which came from England, and were beginning to be a fashion. French women, as a rule, walk less, but live more in the open air than we do. In fine weather they sat almost entirely in their gardens, reading, writing, working, many days never going out of it, except *à la messe* in the morning to some small church close by, which was the almost universal custom of the higher classes. French servants, shopkeepers, in general all women of the lower classes, both town and country, sit outside their doors at their work whenever the weather allows of it. They are to be seen at the door of the palace as of the cottage, or under the *porte cochère* in the shade, carding mattresses, shelling peas, dressing their children, working, or spinning; not a moment will they be indoors that they can help. Sometimes we children were all taken to the Tuileries by the *bonne* of the family. There, in a sunny corner, sheltered by the terraces overlooking the Place de la Concorde, and named from its warmth *la petite Provence*, we exercised ourselves at the skipping-rope with a proficiency I look back to with admiration, double twirls in one leap being highly applauded by the critical audience of fly-caps—each with a fusty-looking baby in her arms—and wooden-legged Invalides, its usual frequenters, whose appreciation we much coveted. There were also some *gaufres*, a sort of pancake, thin and crisp, made instantaneously in an iron shovel on a little charcoal stove, which, by permission of the authorities, was allowed in one corner for the delectation of the fly-caps and their charges; also a honey wafer, called *plaisirs*, and fresh milk were to be had here, as in all public promenades at Paris. These were provided for by a few sous put into our tiny pockets with a lump of bread, for the *gâter*, a sort of non-descript meal, of any trash obtainable, which French children have as a stop-gap between *déjeuner* and dinner. Alas! I have since seen my poor *petite Provence* filled with savage Turcos and Zouaves instead of kind old Invalides, and camp-fires replacing the little *gaufre* stove of my childish days.

The old custom of bringing up girls in convents was fast dying out. Many of

our young friends were educated at home, or, at all events, only went to a convent the year preceding and following their first communion, a time always with them spent in retirement. If at home, they did not come down when there was company, that their minds should not be distracted from the solemnity of the act. There are, or at least there were, no governesses in these families. If the daughters were brought up at home, they, and indeed the sons also, were so much with their mothers, that no assistance but that of masters and the old *bonne* who had nursed them, was required.

French women are in general devoted mothers, seldom leaving their children, and expending upon them what the poet calls "the strong necessity of loving," to which many of their marriages formerly gave little aliment. Amongst them is many a mute inglorious Sévigné, who lacked not Sévigné's feelings for her daughter, exaggerated as they may seem to us, but only the power of expressing them. Their time is much more their own in the day than with us, because morning visiting does not exist, none but a sister or an intimate is admitted before the evening, which is considered the time for society; they were therefore free to attend to their favorite pursuits and studies, or to their children's education. They did not formerly, as we do, and they do now, go to the seaside, travel, pay country visits. The great families had magnificent châteaux, but these had mostly been *saccagé* at the Revolution, and there were no means to refurbish them; some were very far off, and a journey to Touraine or Provence, before the days of railways, was too heavy an expense. They often preferred leaving them unoccupied, and, if rich enough, had villas on the beautiful hills of St. Germain, or Meudon, or even nearer Paris, where within a walk from the Champs Elysées were some charming country houses, with farms and green fields, now covered with streets and shops. In one of these beautiful residences, Le Val, in the Forêt de St. Germain, belonging to the old Princesse de Poix, I passed many never-to-be-forgotten days. The family consisted of the blind grandmother, looking like a Rembrandt stepped out of its frame, and her two sons, the eldest a widower with an only child; she herself a widow after a year's marriage, her young husband buried under the snows of the Russian retreat. Celebrated over Europe for her wit and charm, she refused the most brilliant offers of marriage to devote herself to her father

and her only child, a daughter. The second son, one of those rare characters of unostentatious piety, living but for the good he could do in this world of suffering, entirely occupied with social questions on the improvement of the lower classes, to which he devoted his life, the best of sons, of fathers, of husbands. His wife, a Talleyrand, holding by her birth not more than by her kindness and virtues, a position which led even the great emperor to press her acceptance of the post of *grande maîtresse* to Marie Louise; and caused her to take the same post with the young Duchesse de Berri at the Restoration, which she retained in society as long as she lived. Their mantle descended on the four bright handsome children, with whom we roamed the beautiful forest. The eldest son took a prominent part in political and utilitarian life in his own province. The second was well known as a diplomat in England. To name the daughter, Mrs. S. Standish, is but to recall virtues, charms, and talents, celebrated in the literary and social world of her own and her adopted country. A family of perfect affection, of unpretending goodness; whom to know was to love. It is of such as these (and they were not so unique in that society) that we loftily shrug our insular shoulders, and thank Heaven we are not as these foreigners are.

We often pronounce French women frivolous in their pursuits, reading, and lives; this I think an unjust judgment. What I saw of French women in former days has led me to the contrary conclusion; I do not speak of the present generation, but let us see what is the witness of French history as far back as the reign of *le Grand Monarque*. In that most charming of books, Mme. de Sévigné's "Letters," we find that ladies read and understood Descartes' philosophy, the theological disputes of the Jansenists and the Port Royal, Laplace's astronomy, the writings of Pascal, Latin and even Greek authors, history in its driest forms, algebra, etc. See the list she sends her daughter of the books she provides herself, and *le bien bon*, l'Abbé de Coulanges, for a rainy week *aux Rochers*. It is like the *menu* of a first-class competitive examination. It includes St. Augustine, Bourdaloue, and Massillon as pious reading; as light reading *pour nous délasser*, Dante and Tasso in Italian, and Delisle's translation of Virgil; as fiction, "*Le Grand Cyrus*," and some works by the *bel esprits* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, whom Molière was already flagellating in "*Les Pré-*

cieuses Ridicules," but whose influence even Mme. de Sévigné's sound sense had not shaken off.

Absurd as was the use women in those days made of their learning, the education must have been of a high order which enabled them to hold such dialogues as those satirized by Molière in the "*Femmes Savantes*."

Trissotin. Je m'attache pour l'ordre au péripatétisme.

Philaminte. Pour les abstractions j'aime le platonisme.

Armande. Epicure me plaît, et ses dogmes sont forts.

Bélise. Je m'accorde assez, pour moi, des petits corps ;

Mais le vuide à souffrir me semble difficile,

Et je goûte bien mieux la matière subtile.

Trissotin. Descartes, pour l'aimant, donne fort dans mon sens.

Armande. J'aime ses tourbillons.

Philaminte. Moi, ses mondes tombants.

The husband of the *femme savante*, Chrysale, that incarnation of good sense, tells her to —

Oter, pour faire bien, du grenier de céans
Cette longue lunette à faire peur aux gens,
Ne point aller chercher ce qu'on fait dans la

lune,
Et vous mêler un peu de ce qu'on fait chez

vous,
Où nous voyons aller tout sens-dessus-dessous.

Et l'on sait tout chez moi, hors ce qu'il faut
savoir ;

Mes gens à la science aspirent pour vous
plaire.

Et tous ne font rien moins que ce qu'ils ont à
faire.

From this, and from the perfect scene in which the bluestocking dismisses her cook, because her language is not that of Vaugelas (the great grammarian of the period), as well as from the plot of "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," where the valets personate their masters and talk the pedantic jargon of the period, it is evident that the servants of these *femmes savantes* participated in the studies and pretensions of the house. This epoch of bad taste passed away ; but all French memoirs, down to the Revolution of '92, prove that the education of women of the highest rank embraced even abstruse studies. History tells us that the Duchesse du Maine, one of the most beautiful and dissipated women of the court of Louis Quinze, herself collocated, in secret from the Bibliothèque du Roi, the arguments and legal precedents to establish her husband's right to the regency. In the correspondence of the

Comtesse de Sabran, a beautiful young widow in the days of Louis Seize, with the Chevalier de Boufflers, to whom she was engaged, and afterwards married, we find her reproaching him for not writing to her in Latin, telling him that he is so severe a critic she dare not send him her translation of Pythagoras and of the ode of Claudius on "Old Age." She is reading the letters of Abelard and Eloisa in Latin, with such pleasure, that she is translating some of them. She explains to him an effect of light which puzzled him, adding that she had gone through three courses of lectures on chemistry and physics in her life, and retained them. In the journal of her daily life, she says : "I get up at seven, I write and study till eleven, then after *déjeuner* I paint until dinner time at a full-length portrait of La Comtesse Auguste de la Marck" — the Princesse d'Arenberg (her intimate friend), who shared these studies. She is also painting a large historical picture. All this is intermixed with accounts of the *fêtes* she went to, and in the most womanly and tender letters. I saw this lady at an advanced age ; she died as late as 1833.

In the last century, the *grande dame* was invariably educated at a convent. It is a mistake to suppose her education was neglected. The nuns, it is true, taught little besides the fairy needlework, in which they excelled, and the reverential, if somewhat narrow and childish, religion, of which the reverence at least remained with their pupils through life. No woman, at least in noble society, was outwardly negligent of the observances of the Church, and to speak of them even slightly would have been esteemed the acme of bad taste. True, some women of the great families during the few years preceding the Revolution, led away by the genius of Voltaire and his school, and by the influence of the times, abjured in great measure their early religious beliefs ; but these were exceptions, and in most cases they returned in their old age to the faith instilled into their youthful hearts. Beside this training from the nuns, they received from professors of almost every branch of literature (too often neglected with us) a solid education *des études sérieuses*, continued when they left the convent by *M. l'abbé*, their brother's tutor, and far different from the light reading and showy accomplishments of these days. This lasted even beyond their early marriage, which was not considered as emancipating them from study.

The Revolution, with its horrors, or a life

of exile and wandering, must have interrupted the studies of the *grande dame* as I knew her in my childish days. I was not of an age to judge of her in that respect, except from what I have since heard from her grandchildren. Those that I recollect up to 1830, when we finally left Paris, a few months before the second revolution, were some of them between seventy and eighty, the survivors of '93. Some had passed through the prisons waiting daily for death, and saved only by Robespierre's fall; others had seen parents and husbands torn from them to the scaffold. Others, mere children at that fearful time, had been rescued by devoted nurses, or with their parents had found timely refuge in England or Germany. One there was, who, when but ten years old, had watched from the window of her home the *fête* for the marriage of the dauphin and Marie Antoinette (May 1770), and had witnessed the fearful disaster by which so many perished on that day, almost on the spot where the guillotine was to stand twenty years later. She had episodes of her court life after marriage to relate to us, of her hairbreadth escapes, of her flight to exile. There was the old Princesse de V—x, who passed through the *Terreur* shut up in one room in her Paris home (whence she had refused to emigrate), watched by two *gardes nationaux*, her life only saved by an unknown protector in the revolutionary tribunal. Many returned when the danger was passed, to resume, though impoverished, their former existence, amid the wreck of families and fortunes which they had refused to retrieve by adherence to the empire. Others returned only at the Restoration, having lived in the narrow circle of the *émigrés* unaltered in ideas, *n'ayant rien appris, et rien oublié*, and bringing with them the traditions and manners of bygone days. Some would still call Napoleon M. Bonaparte, and would date in 1814 "20ème année du règne de Louis XVIII." It is said that they even altered history. I have been told that a printed history exists which states that S. M. Louis XVIII. gave the command of his armies and the government of his kingdom to M. Bonaparte, not liking after his brother's death to return to France for some years.

There is wonderful vitality in aged French women, particularly of the noble class—not only are they as a rule long-lived, but the vigor of their mind and faculties remains intact to advanced age, and strengthens the tenacity of habits and

ideas which was a characteristic of the *grande dame*. She came from exile, after ten or fifteen years passed, perhaps in England, amongst a race different in all things from her own, and with many of whom she was on even affectionate terms. But not one thought, not one prejudice was modified; as a drop of oil cast on a stream will be tossed about, surrounded, pressed upon, but never mingle with the water, she remained in the midst of a world of progress, her own unaltered self.

They were noble old women; I remember still the sort of awe with which I looked on those venerable relics of a past already become history. Differing in character, as all human beings differ, and some of them twenty years younger than the others, there were still amongst them some general features of resemblance, a certain strange assemblage of contrasts. What struck you first about her (and which still distinguishes French ladies) was her *ton* and language—always strictly grammatical, and pure French, but startling you by its almost brusque *bonhomie*, its utter absence of all affectation or self-consciousness, homely in expression, but never trivial; above all things she eschewed fine words, and stilted phrases. *L'épicier dit mon épouse, le roi dit ma femme*, was the principle on which she spoke; but no vulgarisms, no slang or cant ever sullied her lips; she spoke well, and pithily, not unfrequently with short, sharp sentences, *qui emportaient la pièce*, if she happened to be offended. She spoke with decision, with the authority of one who knows that she is respectfully listened to. Her manner was generally perfect in its ease and adaptation to the person addressed; in its natural unstudied felicity of expression; illustrating the axiom that to conceal art is the acme of art. French women are fond of talking; it is no effort to them; the shyness which in us English so often destroys the grace and power of speaking is, if it exists, so combated in their earliest years that it is unknown to them. With her simple *grandes manières*, perfectly civil and well-bred, she knew how to draw the line—elaborately, ceremoniously civil to those whom she did not wish to admit within her circle, or encourage to return; while with her own intimates she gladly relapsed into the familiar snuff-taking, the not over particular talk her soul rejoiced in (for she called a spade a spade if she had occasion to mention it), or topics of conversation perhaps not in general use with us; such she considered it affectation to avoid. But it was all said

in such grand simplicity, so evidently without any idea of shocking her hearers — or indeed any idea that it *could* or *ought* to shock them — that you could not feel annoyed. She had mostly mother wit, and those equable spirits and cheerful temperament which alone could have carried her through the fearful scenes of her childhood, or the poverty and privation of her youth and middle age. The courage which had supported her mother on the scaffold had not deserted her, she had gone through what would have killed women of another stamp. Reverses and dangers found her undaunted, ready as ever to risk life and fortune for her sovereign or her "idea," and rearing her children to the same devoted loyalty.

The second Vendée proved that they were the equals of the Lescures and La Rochejaqueins of the first. To their children these women were tenderly and even passionately attached; but the tone of maternal authority — whatever the age — of decision in all family matters, and of undisputed sovereignty at home, never ceased but with life. A prominent feature in them was the strength and constancy of their friendship, and this has been a trait in French character in all times. Their time, their house, their fortune if required, is devoted to their friends: they will leave all to nurse them in illness, to console them in sorrow. Mme. de Staël, in "*L'Influence des Passions*," places friendship in the rank of a passion, and devotes to it one of her most eloquent chapters. These friendships used to be carried on without interruption from the convent days. One of them told me that for sixty years she and her friend had never failed to meet on the same anniversary and spend a month or two together, although dwelling a long distance apart. Proud of birth rather than of rank or social position — which, as she never went out of her house, she only valued for the court it brought her — she loved to recall the *hauts faits* of her ancestors, and the history of her family. But she equally valued that of others; she held that *noblesse oblige* — she might commit many sins, but never a meanness; and would sacrifice any interests to the honor and glorification of her name! Haughty she was undeniably, sometimes cruelly, insolently so; but it was the *naïf* haughtiness of one who never has had her superiority questioned, and it was always to her equals, never to her inferiors. She passed for being fond of money, but it was to accumulate for her children — she had no other interests. Life is singularly simpli-

fied in these existences, bounded by their own room, absolutely despotic as head of the family, and as completely independent as to fortune, with the power of absolute disposal of it at will. With her inferiors, her dependants, above all, with her personal servants — the *valet de chambre*, a sort of Caleb Balderstone, who often filled the place of five or six of our servants, and her lady's maid, an old woman, like herself — she spoke with a familiarity which made my young eyes open wide at its contrast with our English home ways. She said *vous* to her husband if she still had one, but would *tutoyer* her servants. The distance in her own mind was too immeasurable to fear any possible advantage being taken of this freedom. The devoted attachment of these servants through the perils of the Revolution, through exile and privation, justified the system. Ill-paid, ill-fed on the remains of their master's table, snatched behind a screen in the ante-room, harder worked than our servants could conceive possible, lodged anyhow, anywhere, they still preserved the old feudal feeling of clanship and reverential devotion to the family they and their forefathers had served time out of mind.

It must be said that to them the family were affectionately kind, nursed them in illness, took a part in all their concerns, danced at their weddings, were godparents to their children, and showed them that lively interest, that human sympathy, worth far more than the gold they perhaps had not to give, although the old age of these retainers was never left without provision. Many of the great families being poor, the number of their domestics were small, although the dependants and members might be numerous; but the one whose convenience was never neglected, who was honored with personal intercourse and long conversations with his noble mistress, was the cook — always a man, for the *cuisinière* only belonged to the *bourgeoisie*.

My *grande dame* was invariably fond of her dinner, rather boasted of being *gourmande*. The Princesse de Poix used to hold as an axiom, *que le signe distinctif d'une femme bien née, c'est de se connaître en cuisine*. French ladies mostly satisfy this requirement. They drink very little wine, generally de *l'eau rouge*, no tea or coffee after dinner, but they are not afraid of a tiny glass of the delicious liquors that are served round in such numbers at a French house.

Whatever the variety of character between them, there is one point in which

all agree, love of conversation. The *grande dame's* real enjoyment in life was her *salon*. By this term is meant a reception held every evening, where the guests never expect food, or invitation after their first introduction. The *salons* I speak of were, I imagine, rather restricted to their own circle. I was too young at the time to go into society, so it is only from what I heard from my young friends, and from those I have since seen, that I can trace the difference which seems to have existed between the past and the present society. The halo of veneration which surrounded the aged grandmother, the heroine, the victim of catastrophes and misfortunes, of which perhaps history offers no other example, made *her* and her tastes and amusement the one object of the family reception; but they were not so amusing to others, with the exception of the Hôtel Beauvau, and one or two isolated cases. Still they were very agreeable ways of passing the evening, judging from the few which survived the reverses of 1830. The old lady sat enthroned in her comfortable armchair, the only one in the room — people did not loll as they do now. A *fauteuil*, that is one of those little stiff-backed articles with straight, short arms, which we see ranged round the old state rooms in French palaces, was placed near her, to which came the first guest, yielding the place in turns to each arrival. The other elderly ladies had their work at a table apart, where the visitors came to pay their *devoirs*; and — again apart — the young women and girls of the family, perhaps at a tea-table, a novelty then beginning to come in, although not much understood, for a girl friend said to me one day, "*Comment va ta maman?*" "*Mais bien; pourquoi?*" "*Ah! c'est qu'elle prenait du thé hier.*" They still considered it as a *tisane* and medicinal. Politics were not talked at these houses, for the simple reason that the *grande dame* had none but loyalty. To her there was but one party — monarchy; but one danger — democracy. *La charte* was something Louis XVIII. had kindly given to his people, but was never to interfere with his good pleasure of sending away one set of ministers for another, or passing any laws or enactments. Her code was neither liberal nor conservative, but *les gentil-hommes et la canaille*. Strange as it may seem to us, such was her world of ideas from 1804 to 1830. There were in Paris at that time, as later, many *salons*, all differing in their society, literary, political, artistic, diplomatic, scientific, even the-

atrical; some receiving the young and brilliant world, some devoted to the graver questions of the day, some combining on one day in the week all parties, all specialities — except *les ennuyeux*. It would be far beyond my scope to enter into details of them. There is a charming volume called "*Les Salons de Paris*," written, I believe, by M. E. de Girardin, which may enlighten English people as to a form of society which does not exist and never can flourish in England.

During the last ten years of the restoration these *salons* constituted the chief *société* of the *noblesse*. Louis Dix-huit, infirm and selfish, did little towards restoring the brilliancy of former days. Few courtiers survived the emigration. My *grande dame's* husband, if still alive, was a *chambellan*, but probably too old to attend court, certainly too old to give life to it. They led a very dull existence. Too poor to give *fêtes* themselves, and avoiding the new nobility, they only went to the court or embassies, and occasionally to the Rothschilds' and Delmars', as neutral houses.

The gloom of Charles Dix's court, after the assassination of the Duc de Berri, closed the door to all but the friends and adherents of the old order of things. The young generation began to horrify their parents by their indifference to such dull amusements and wearisome favors. The young widowed Duchesse de Berri, after a few years of seclusion, attempted to give again some animation to the Tuileries, but she failed, and who can wonder that, unheeding the royal frowns, she collected around her the rebellious youth of the noble faubourg, and with them sought, in the brilliant circle of the Palais Royal, the pleasures denied them in the stern and solemn Tuileries? With her young cousins — the Duc de Chartres, growing into manhood with the promise he so well kept of being the handsomest and most charming man of his day; with the Duc d'Aumale, and the rest of the gay young *troupe*, they rode, they drove ponies, they read books à l'index, they went to masked balls; it was said that, worst of all, they learnt English, and that, ignoring Waterloo, some of them actually visited London in the season, bringing back English fashions in horses and carriages, and even the taste for clubs, which before then were mere political *réunions*. The parents wisely felt that the next generation must progress with their times; they had too much sense to attempt to stem the torrent. The grandmother in her *salon*, though

shorn of the pomp of her former stately existence, impoverished, but surrounded by her children's love and care, attended as dutifully as ever by the young reformers themselves, glided away her last days, scarcely realizing the changes around her. She was growing very old, she had no longer vigor to use her restraining influence, had she retained it. To her darkening sight the cloud which was lowering over the monarchy bore no threat. Few of them lived to see the Bourbons a third time dethroned, driven to exile or death. Before the revolution of 1830 most of them died away, and with the accession of the *régime bourgeois* ended the *grande dame de l'ancien régime*.

AUGUSTA L. CADOGAN.

From The Globe.
GREAT MEN AT PLAY.

WHEN Macaulay observed that nothing delights the vulgar so much as seeing great men unbending and reducing themselves for a moment to the level of ordinary mortality, he made a remark which has been time out of mind amusingly illustrated. Probably at no period in the world's history has the private life of public characters, whether belonging to the walks of literature or to the walks of politics, been so obtruded on the notice of their contemporaries as at the present. Mr. Gladstone's recreations in Hawarden Park are as fully recorded and have been as amply commented on as his more serious recreations in the House of Commons. It would seem, indeed, that he is as anxious to leave trophies of his prowess as a woodsman as he has been to assert his title to a conspicuous place among Homeric commentators and English statesmen. The illustrious author of the "Evidences of Christianity" and the "*Hora Paulina*" refused, as every one knows, to leave his portrait to his countrymen unless the artist would paint him with his favorite fishing-rod in his hand; Boxhorne insisted on being represented with his pipe in his mouth; and Sir Walter Scott's favorite dog testifies the tastes and shares the honorable pedestal of his master. The woodsman's axe and the ratskin suit of the disestablisher of the Irish Church bid fair to win the same immortality. We have lately been regaled with accounts of the other amusements of our public characters; how one

toils from morning till night, a laborious amateur in his laboratory; how another delights in fishing; another in spinning over the country on a bicycle, to the imminent peril of his own life and the lives of all he meets; another, we are told, finds his chief pleasure in romping on all fours with children, quoting as precedents Goldsmith, Shelley, and Macaulay. "Futile pursuits," said Ovid, "delight futile minds." He might have added less cynically, and quite as truly, great minds too. In truth, a very pretty apology for these trifles might be written, and such an "*Encomium Moria*," if the shade of Erasmus will permit us to steal the title of his charming brochure, would find some singular illustrations in the bypaths of biography. Swift relieved his tense and tragic moods by harnessing his servants with cords and driving them up and down the stairs and through the rooms of the deanery. Peter the Great sought to unbend himself by being wheeled over the flowerbeds and neat *parterres* of his host's gardens in a wheelbarrow, as poor Sir William Temple found to his cost. That accomplished diplomatist appears to have felt his chagrin at the failure of the triple alliance mere child's play to his feelings at beholding the Russian monarch riding roughshod over the priceless tulips of Moor Park. Glover, the once famous author of "*Leonidas*," and the "*Atheniad*," had the same disagreeable weakness, though not being safe in the divinity "which doth hedge a king," his plebeian back received on more than one occasion infuriated cudgellings at the hands of insulted horticulturists. Walton, George Herbert, Wotton, and Paley were, like Mr. Bright, devotees of the rod and line, and Dryden's piscatory parties with honest Mr. Jones, of Ramsbury, were long remembered. His contempt for the angling powers of one of his literary rivals has been amusingly recorded by Fenton:—

By long experience, D'Urfey may, no doubt,
Ensnare a gudgeon or sometimes a trout;
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd, in partial spite,
He fish! because the man attempts to write.

Cardinal Mazarin is said to have been fond of shutting himself up in a room and jumping over the chairs arranged in positions varying the difficulty of clearing them. On one occasion he forgot to lock the door. A young courtier inadvertently entered the room, and surprised the cardinal in his undignified pursuit. It was

an embarrassing position, for Mazarin, he knew, was as haughty as he was eccentric. The young man was equal to the crisis. Assuming the intensest interest in the proceeding, he said with well-feigned earnestness, "I will bet your Eminence two gold pieces I can beat that jump." He had struck the right chord, and in two minutes he was measuring his leaping powers with the prime minister, whom he took care not to beat; he lost his two gold pieces, but he gained before long a mitre. Samuel Clarke relieved his theological pursuits in the same way, and on seeing a pedantic fellow approaching said to the pupil who was sharing his amusement, "Now we must stop, for a fool is coming in." Old Burton, the author of the "*Anatomie of Melancholy*," the only book which got Dr. Johnson out of his bed two hours before he intended to rise, found his chief recreation in going down to Folly-bridge at Oxford and listening to the ribaldry of the barges. It was well for him that he could not read the stinging reproach which Dante represents himself as receiving from Virgil for a similar weakness. Byron's great delight was shooting with a pistol at a coin in a cleft stick, and that he practised more methodically than any other thing in his decidedly unmethodical life. Henry V. was devoted to tennis, and Philip, the great duke of Burgundy, spent much of his leisure time, and we may add, enormous sums of money also, in contriving houses full of diableries, such as hidden trap-doors, spring snares, and the like. He would then invite some stranger inside, and the miseries of this unfortunate being—who would find himself at one time falling through space, at another time soused in water, or banged with sacks which came tumbling charged with flour on his bewildered head—afforded infinite amusement to his eccentric torturer. From William the Conqueror downwards, the chief delight of our sovereigns has been in the hunting-field, though some have varied it with other more peaceful pursuits. Charles II., for instance, spent a good deal of his time in a chemical laboratory. Prince Rupert was

devoted to mechanical pursuits, and in the discovery of mezzotinto conferred a solid benefit on mankind. Godolphin's life was divided between the council chamber and the cock-pit. It is curious to observe how men who have been noted for their polish and culture as writers or conversationalists have, in their leisure moments, found a strange pleasure in associating themselves with sordid vulgarity. Prior, one of the most elegant of our minor poets, constantly passed whole evenings in chatting with a soldier and his slattern wife in a low public-house in Long-acre. Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry and a singularly refined writer, was often to be found, like Porson, in low public-houses, joking and being joked. Turner, the painter, had similar tastes. Leonardo de Vinci felt intense pleasure, or perhaps an inexplicable fascination, in contemplating filth and garbage. He would gaze for hours on the slow, slimy streams which crawl out of the slums of Florence. But to turn to less reprehensible amusements. The lord chief justice saunders, whose character has been so admirably sketched by Roger North, devoted his leisure time to practising on an old virginal. Milton selected the more dignified companionship of an organ. Innocent III., probably the greatest man who ever sat on the throne of St. Peter, relieved his graver amusement of playing at nine-pins with the potentates of Europe by gossiping familiarly with an old monk on a seat at a fountain in the Vatican. He would listen for hours to the stories and pointless anecdotes with which his humble companion, who had travelled a good deal, regaled him. Petavius, one of the most learned of the Jesuits, when engaged on one of his principal works, used, at the end of every two hours, to rise and rapidly twirl his chair about for five minutes. Bacon, Cowley, Sir William Temple, Evelyn, Buffon, and Addison were accustomed to interrupt their literary studies by seeking the stimulation of a walk round their garden, and have all of them recorded their delight in Adam's principal pursuit.